

THE FIELD AFAR



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JULY-AUGUST

Midsummer Number

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1934

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University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio

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The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

Most Rev. James Anthony Walsh, M. Ap., Superior General

THE FIELD AFAR

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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MARYKNOLL

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Established by action of the United States Hierarchy, assembled at Washington, April 27, 1911.

Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Final Approval by Pope Pius XI, May 7, 1930.

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Object—to train Catholic missionaries for the heathen, with the ultimate aim to develop a native clergy in lands now pagan.

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Auxiliary Brothers participate as teachers, trained nurses, office assistants, and skilled workmen.

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For Msgr. Ford and Priests—
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For Sisters of Manchuria—
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His Excellency, Archbishop Mario Zanin, the new Apostolic Delegate to China, reached Hong Kong last March thirty-first, in time to Pontificate at Mass on Easter Sunday. Ad Multos Annos !

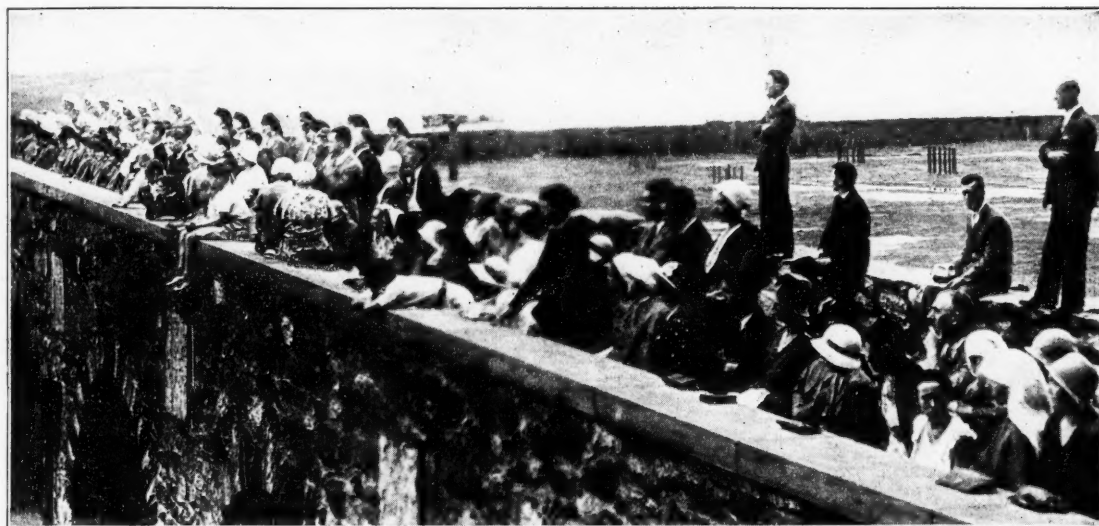


THE FIELD AFAR

JULY-AUGUST, 1934



Echoes of the 1934 Departure Bell



WATCHING THE MARYKNOLL DEPARTURE CEREMONY

Among the spectators of our annual Departure Ceremony are parents and close relatives, upheld in the sorrow of separation by the vision of their dear one's great vocation, priest friends whose charity like that of their Divine Model embraces the world, and Maryknoll Sisters looking forward to the time when they too will spend themselves for Christ and souls in pagan lands



ONCE more at the Maryknoll Center the eagerly awaited day of assignments to the Society's fields of the Orient has come and gone, and fifteen young priests are re-

joining in their great vocation of Christ-bearers to peoples still in darkness and the shadow of death. Those chosen are:

To the Maryknoll Hong Kong Procure:

Rev. George M. Daly
(West Orange, N. J.)

To Kongmoon, South China:

Rev. James E. Fitzgerald
(Medford, Mass.)

Rev. Donat W. Chatigny
(Amesbury, Mass.)

Rev. Francis J. O'Neill
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To Kaying, South China:

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Rev. Francis W. Keelan
(Belmont, Mass.)

Rev. Timothy J. Daley
(Palmer, N. Y.)

To Fushun, Manchuria:

Rev. J. Clarence Burns
(Toledo, Ohio)

Rev. Raymond C. Hohlfield
(Roseland, Nebr.)

To Peng Yang, Korea:

Rev. Thomas F. Nolan
(New York, N. Y.)

Rev. Cyril J. Kramar
(Youngstown, Ohio)

To Japan:

Rev. Clement P. Boesflug
(Bismarck, N. D.)

Rev. William M. Mackesy
(Lynn, Mass.)

Rev. J. Joseph Daly
(Worcester, Mass.)

**SPONSOR a Maryknoll apostle
in fields afar. Pray for him,
pay for him, and you will share
his fruits.**

SPONSOR A MARYKNOLL APOSTLE.

American Bishops—

THE nomination of Maryknoll's Superior General as Titular Bishop was of the date April 20, 1933, but the first anniversary found him too busy to be reminded of the fact. Other consecrations were due, and between desk sittings he managed to get to Chicago for that of Bishop O'Brien, to New York for that of Bishop Donahue, and to Providence for that of Bishop Keough. He also assisted at the installation of Bishop Kiley in Trenton.

The Chicago ceremony he described as truly *Chicagoesque*, a pageant that impressed all who witnessed it with the splendid record of *Church Extension* under its worthy presidents, Francis Clement Kelly, now Bishop of Oklahoma, and William D. O'Brien, the newly consecrated Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago.



ORDINATION DAY AT MARYKNOLL

On last June seventeenth the number of Maryknoll's apostolic priests was increased by eighteen. Assisting the Maryknoll General are (left) Fr. Charles F. McCarthy, M.M., of San Francisco, and Fr. Joseph P. Meaney, M.M., of Arlington, Mass.

The New York ceremony was likewise colorful, with His Eminence Cardinal Hayes as Consecrator, and bishops, monsignors, and priests from many sections of the country. The new Bishop, the Most Reverend Stephen Donahue, is no stranger to Maryknoll, and the announcement of his succession to the late revered Bishop

Dunn gives assurance of kindly interest.

Bishop Keough as Propagation of the Faith Director in Hartford has in many ways shown interest in Maryknoll; and the new Bishop of Trenton, the Most Reverend Moses Kiley, attended the consecration of our Superior General in Rome last year. It is pleasant

to feel that these recently consecrated American bishops are acquainted with Maryknoll, because it is to the hierarchy of this country that Maryknoll must always look for the encouragement and openings without which development would be impossible.

Eventful Months—

THE calendar for May and June was filled with events. Following the consecration of Bishop Donahue was a Confirmation service at White Plains, on which occasion—while the new Auxiliary of New York was emerging from the glory of consecration functions—Father General administered the Sacrament to nearly two hundred children.

Sunday afternoon, May thirteenth, found him presiding at a ceremony of unusual interest, the profession of faith expressed by some seventy colored converts at St. Charles Borromeo Church in New York City.

A week later he was on his way to Maryknoll-in-Bedford to meet a group of lay friends who desired to get first-hand information on the work of our Society; and the next day he assisted at the consecration of the Bishop of Providence, the Most Reverend Francis P. Keough.

Meanwhile, an unexpected request had come from Niagara Seminary to ordain there in the absence of the Bishop of Buffalo. These ordinations covered three days, priesthood being conferred on Saturday, May twenty-sixth; and that afternoon Bishop Walsh left for Maryknoll, arriving in the evening. The next morning he pontificated in honor of St. John Bosco at the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary in Port Chester.

He "called it a month", and then settled down to desk work and to preparations for Maryknoll ordinations which took place on Sunday, June seventeenth. This is always a day of joy at Maryknoll. Relatives and close friends of the ordinandi come sometimes from a great distance. They crowd the

ONE DOLLAR A DAY KEEPS A MISSIONER AWAY—

little Chapel, but nobody minds the inconveniences, and everyone is placed so as to follow the beautiful ceremony. And afterwards during the day there are groups in all corners, in and out of the building, parents meeting parents, all sharing in the Grace of the Holy Ghost which sensibly affects the atmosphere of Ordination Day at Maryknoll.

First Masses were offered on the next day; and that night the new priests and most of the old priests were off the compound, the newly ordained bound for their respective homes—the “ancients” for Clarks Summit, Pa., where during the week they remained in retreat under the spiritual guidance of the Rev. Doctor Wickham, of New York. They returned to the Knoll

YOUR ADDRESS

HAVE you moved? We should know your address. Please send it to us, together with the old address; and thereby save Maryknoll work, time, worry, and money.

for Foundation Day on June twenty-ninth, Feast of Saints Peter and Paul, which now marks the birthday of the Society and the consecration anniversary of its present Superior General.

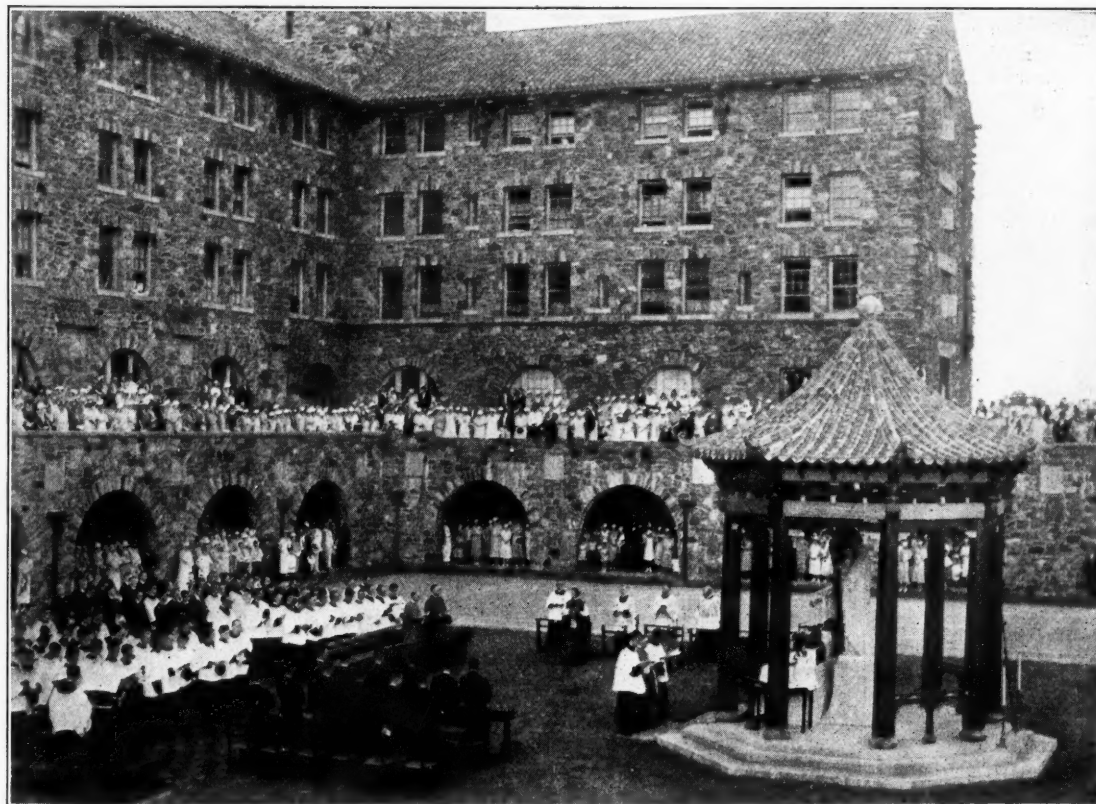
The Kind We Need—

WE are asked occasionally if we have a surplus of vocations. We have had a gratifying number

of applicants, but there is always room for the promising aspirant to the apostolate.

Gradually we have come to the conclusion that it would be a waste of money, time, patience, and opportunity to encourage certain types, however good their record of conduct or accomplishment may be. We need youths who can concentrate on study, who are generous, open, and self-controlled, above all, whose faith is simple and strong, and whose charity is like that of the Master—love of God, and love for others in God.

We can dispense with the excessively brilliant youth unless he has good judgment, and we would hardly encourage one who cannot adapt himself to his surroundings.



FOR DEPARTURE CEREMONIES AN ALTAR IS PLACED IN THE OPEN BEFORE THE STATUE OF OUR LADY OF MARYKNOLL, AND, WITH THE SUNSET ILLUMINED WATERS OF THE HUDSON AS A BACKGROUND, THE FIRST MISSIONER GIVES THE “DEPAKANTS” HIS FINAL BLESSING BEFORE THE LONG JOURNEY TO FIELDS AFAR.

LABORING FOR CHRIST AND SOULS IN FIELDS AFAR.

Father Francis Bridge, M.M., Soldier of Christ

By the Maryknoll Superior General



THE righteous shall grow as the lily; and shall flourish forever in the presence of the Lord; planted in the house of the Lord; in the courts of the house of our God. (Office of the Solemnity of St. Joseph.)

It was on the Solemnity of St. Joseph that the soul of Maryknoll's "soldier priest" winged its way to God. A life comparatively short as human life is measured (he was born in 1895), but long in virtue, and in labor and suffering offered for God and souls, such was the life of Francis Bridge.

Father Bridge came to Maryknoll somewhat more advanced in age than the average aspirant, but he made his full course in both our Preparatory and Major Seminaries, so that he has been with us since 1920, some fourteen years. Prior to his entrance, after an elementary education in public schools, he started work at the age of thirteen in the Pennsylvania coal mines, where, while still in his teens, he was made a foreman.

At twenty-two he entered the army, and trained in Georgia for the World War. His knowledge of first-aid brought a transfer to the United States General Hospital in Baltimore, and after two months of special training he was sent to France for medical duty in a Base Hospital located at Toul. Here his faithful and intelligent service was recognized, and he was made a non-commissioned officer.

Returned to the United States after the armistice, Father Bridge resumed work until his vocation was revealed to him through a casual meeting with a Maryknoll priest. He then entered our Vénard College. It was not easy to sit with much younger boys and



Father Francis A. Bridge

Father Bridge was born at New Alexandria, Pa., in 1895. He entered Maryknoll in 1920, was ordained to the priesthood in 1928, and assigned to Maryknoll-in-Manchuria in 1929. He died at San Francisco, on April 18, 1934.

apply himself to the studies of a preparatory seminary, but Francis Bridge did so unaffectedly and whole-heartedly, referring to those years, at the time, as the happiest of his life.

They passed rapidly for him, as did the six years of his seminary life at the Maryknoll Center; and his happiness deepened as he advanced each year in the courts of the Lord, nearer to the Holy of Holies. Two of the prelates who gave him orders have since gone to God. From Bishop Dunn of New York he received tonsure and all the major orders; from Bishop Gauthier of South China the minor orders of exorcist and acolyte; and he had the special honor of receiving the other orders from the present much loved Cardinal of New York.

Like every young man who of-

fers himself for the missions, Father Bridge was anxious to go to the field itself, and must have been disappointed with his first assignment as a Seminary Procurator. But he was not the kind to murmur. On the contrary he took up his work with alacrity and pushed it with energy, accomplishing much during this year of service in the homeland. He beamed with joy, however, when a year later he received his commission to go to Manchuria, and his letters while on the way revealed the happiness of anticipation.

He reached his mission land in the fall of 1929, and spent his first Christmas at Antung, which is on the border line of Korea and within easy reach of several Maryknoll priests. Before a year had passed he was settled in a city called Sin Pin, where it seemed to him as if the world had turned back two thousand years. His experiences there reminded him of biblical scenes and characters. He had much to do, and above all he was faced with the necessity of learning the language, a task the harder for him because he was older than the average new missionary.

At Sin Pin he found his life most interesting, but he referred to it as a "battle from morning to night". "Yet so far," he wrote to me, "something good has come out of every trial." He longed to do for the helpless around him, the body-worn as well as the soul-worn; and naturally he regretted lack of resources to accomplish all that he would, but friends were kind to him—some from Midland, and one a special benefactor who has followed him in life and death with the charity of Christ—so that the prospect was most gratifying.

It was my pleasure to see him at this time, but not in his own mission. I was on my visitation

HAVE I EVER TRIED

and the priests had met in the Mission Center at Fushun. When I left to make other visits several of us, including Father Bridge, traveled together. It was a happy group and Father Bridge was the life of it, full of his work and joyous in his reminiscences.

I heard from him after his return. Trials were pursuing him. War clouds were threatening; and his Superior wrote that it was impossible to get in touch with him.

In June of that year, 1932, the disease which had been insidiously affecting him manifested itself, and he was semi-conscious for three days. A non-Catholic Scottish physician attended him and was most kind, bringing him to his own house and giving him one of his spare rooms. Father Bridge's eyesight was much affected, but his condition improved so that he was able with the doctor's help to make the two day's journey by cart to the nearest railway, and then to the Maryknoll Mission Center at Fushun. Later he went to Shanghai and after a seeming convalescence was assigned to the Maryknoll Chinese parish in Dairen. He found himself in apparently good condition, "ready for work"; his task being to reach some at least among the 200,000 Chinese in that important city.

Two months later found him back in the hospital, at Mukden, quite convinced that the diagnosis must be wrong and that he should not be coddled. He wrote to me: "I want to get back on the job *quam primum* (as soon as possible), for the work over here is pleasant and interesting, and opportunities were never better in this part of the Orient." He did not know it at the time, but his doctor, while admitting a possible mistake, was quite certain that he could not live two years longer.

Against his own desire, Father Bridge, whose preference it was to live and die in Manchuria, sailed for San Francisco, arriving there in April, 1933. He was comfort-

ably settled at the St. Mary's Hospital where the Sisters of Mercy, the doctors, and the nurses were most attentive, but hardly a month had elapsed before he seemed to be at the portals of death. He was anointed, responding himself to the Extreme Unction prayers; but he rallied, and wrote two weeks later: "I don't know what the future holds for me—no matter! God's will be done; and please be assured that I offer all for you and Maryknoll."

It was my privilege to see Father Bridge in person after this, as my visitation of the Maryknoll houses in this country brought me to California last March. This reunion was a joyful one for both of us, and after several visits I left him smiling in what had the appearance of convalescence. He was still anticipating the possibility of a return to his mission; and a few days later he actually offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, but the effort was almost too much to allow a repetition.

His last letter to Maryknoll was dated April 8th, and in it he

wrote: "Whatever reward the Heavenly Father has in store for me I share with you. . . . The condition of my health is worse now than when you were here; however I am not discouraged, for God knows what is best for us. May His Holy Will be done!"

The end came quietly, without even a gasp. While prayers for the dying were being recited at the bedside, he simply opened his eyes and closed them until the Second Coming, when Christ shall judge the living and the dead.

The natural virtues: loyalty, generous service, integrity, and cleanness of heart were easily recognized in Father Bridge; but strong above all were the supernatural virtues—a faith that led him to the Altar of Sacrifice, and the charity that kept burning within him a desire to win souls for his Master. Zeal, born of faith and charity, is the hall mark of the true apostle; and, as the soul of Francis Bridge presented itself at the Throne of Mercy, we who knew him feel certain that this hall mark was resplendent.



A LONELY TREK FOR GOD AND SOULS

In December, 1930, Fr. Bridge (above), and Fr. Joseph Sweeney, of New Britain, Conn., now an apostle to the lepers of the Maryknoll Kongmoon field in South China, journeyed hundreds of miles in below zero temperatures over a wild trail never before traversed by white men to Antu, in the extreme northeast of the Maryknoll Manchurian Mission. On that Christmas Day the Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the first time in Antu.

TO MAKE A CONVERT?

Maryknoll Leper Work

Extracts from letters written by Fr. Joseph A. Sweeney, of New Britain, Conn., who is laying the foundations of Maryknoll leper work in South China



WHERE THE HOMES OF THE LIVING ARE BUILT OF COFFIN WOOD

The largest of the three leper hamlets now ministered to by Maryknollers in South China occupies cemetery lands just outside the city of Sun Wui. When the people of Sun Wui unearthed their dead to put the bones in big jars for permanent keeping, the lepers salvaged the coffin wood for fuel and to build their miserable huts. The hillside back of the hut in this picture is dotted with graves. The child seated before the hut is the son of a leper, but so far no signs of the disease are visible on its little body



FATHER Joseph A. Sweeney, of New Britain, Conn., Maryknoll's pioneer apostle to the lepers, sends from the Society's Kongmoon mission field in South China the following message: "We have had so many pressing duties in the last couple of months that it has been impossible to write the promised article for THE FIELD AFAR, much as I have desired to do so. I am enclosing herewith three personal letters which cover the end of our first half year of leper work. You may find in them something which

would be of interest to FIELD AFAR readers."

Father Sweeney's letters contain much that is not merely interesting but inspiring, and we are happy to offer our readers the following news of Maryknoll leper work.

Homes of Coffin Wood—

All goes well in the leper work. We now have under our care nearly one hundred of these outcasts. They live in three leper hamlets, the largest of which occupies cemetery lands just outside Sun Wui, a town that has sent many laundrymen to the United States. This is the only land allowed to the lepers of the district.

The former misery of the inhabitants of this cemetery hamlet was typical of the state of all leper outcasts in South China. All were beggars on the verge of starvation, and anaemic after years

of hunger. Every foot of ground around them was occupied by the dead.

When the people of Sun Wui unearthed skeletons to put the bones of near relatives in big jars for permanent keeping, the lepers salvaged the coffin wood for fuel. (We have often boiled water at our dispensary with old coffin wood.) The coffin tops were used by the lepers as walls for their huts.

The lepers' bed mats or the burlap bags which served as such were on the bare earth. A cake of soap was unknown to them. Around this graveyard settlement where everything, even the soil, was diseased flies swarmed like locust plagues. We have discouraged them with Lysol, but they are persistent flies.

A Man in a Million—

We have built for these lepers new temporary homes, huts of bamboo and palm leaf, which are showered often with Lysol. They enjoy regular meals, baths, frequent changes of clothing, and daily dressing of their ulcerations.

Doctor Blaber (a young Catholic physician of Brooklyn, N. Y., who is laboring with the Maryknoll missionaries of South China) visits them and gives them more attention than could be bought in the best ward in Bellevue Hospital. A man in a million is Doctor Blaber, an ideal foundation on which to build the medical work of leprology.

We are helping the lepers to overcome every type of disease besides leprosy before we start fighting that. Treatment for leprosy requires good health otherwise.

The First Baptism—

At Toi Shan we have over twenty-five lepers. Among them we had our first Baptism when the oldest patient (once an honored grandmother and afterwards an outcast beggar on account of the disease which came in her last years) died as holy a death as any a lifelong Catholic.

We began work at Toi Shan in October. Progress was slow at first, due to difficulties raised by officials and by people in the neighboring village. These difficulties are in order now. New houses, clothes, and bedding have been supplied, as well as wholesome meals. Doctor Blaber has cleaned up many dis-

eases in this group, and a start on leprosy treatment has been made. Our Brother Gregory Brennock, brother of the late Father Thomas L. Brennock of the New York Archdiocesan Charities, is now at Toi Shan giving expert care to the lepers.

Maryknoll's Father George Bauer ministers to the third group, near Chiklung.

Personal Tragedies—

Some of the dwellers in our leper hamlets are infants who, though born of leper parents, are as healthy and spotless as the kiddies on Campbell's Soup cans. Other inhabitants are ulcerating from head to foot—or in some cases to the ankle joint, where the feet have fallen off.

As our patients emerge from their degradation we find in each a human being and a personal tragedy. There is for instance a boy of five, a lovable little lad with hardly a blemish on him. However, his parents diagnosed his leprosy readily and sent him off to wander and die. A "hard-boiled" soldier saw him starving and brought him to us. One little girl twelve years of age, with features horribly distorted, has been chased around as one would not drive a sick cat or dog.

Every one of these sufferers is worth while, and, best of all, the pagan public observing the resurrection of the lepers is showing more interest in the Church.

The Promised Land—

The three groups of lepers mentioned above will probably be the first to receive asylum at our permanent leper colony, which we hope will soon be organized on the mountains which overlook the southernmost mouth of the West River. Bishop James Edward Walsh has almost completed negotiations with the government for a free grant of this site, where there will be whole square miles of high healthful land, fishing, swimming, transportation facilities—everything but winter sports.

Bandits and pirates have kept the place uninhabited. Guarded by sea, river, and mountains, it is the promised land for the lepers. For the rest of us it will be delightful when we are looking at the sunset of life to gaze from one of the hillsides at the beautiful city

FOR the support of one of the Lepers whom Maryknoll is harboring in South China only three dollars a month is needed.

This is surely a charity dear to the Sacred Heart of Him Who for our sake was thought as it were a leper, and as one struck by God and afflicted. —Isaiah 53,4.

which Brother Albert Staubli, our Maryknoll architect *par excellence* in South China, is planning to build there for a thousand lepers.

The Bishop of Kongmoon has appointed another Maryknoll missionary, Father Francis Connors, of Peabody, Mass., to this leper work. The interest of the Bishop in his lepers and his influence with Chinese officials have given us a good start, and the future seems assured.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Edith Fielding, Sister of Charity—

By Lady Cecil Kerr. The inspiring story of how the daughter of an English Earl left the beauty of her stately home for the service of Christ in the persons of His poor and later was led by her burning zeal for souls to volunteer for the missions of China. Published by Sands and Company, London, England. Price two shillings.

The Chinese, their History and Culture—

By Kenneth Scott Latourette, D. Willis James Professor of Missions and Oriental History in Yale University. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y. Price of the two volumes, \$7.50.

Tony—

By Thomas B. Chetwood, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work, 3742 West Pine Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo. Price ten cents.

Indulgences, What They Are and How They Can Be Gained—

By Rev. Placid Schmid, O.S.B. Published by Lawrence N. Daleiden and Co., 617 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill. Price, 25¢.



DOCTOR HARRY BLABER, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., AND TWO OF HIS LEPER PATIENTS

"A man in a million is Doctor Blaber, an ideal foundation on which to build the medical work of leprosy." Some of the large jars containing the bones of Sun Wu's dead are visible in this picture. They are guarded by the lepers

I NEGLECTING OPPORTUNITIES TO ADVANCE THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST?

The Straightest Road

By the Most Rev. James E. Walsh, M.M., of Cumberland, Md., Vicar
Apostolic of the Maryknoll Kongmoon Mission in South China



THIS CHINESE SEDAN CHAIR WAS EVIDENTLY BUILT FOR A SMALLER MAN THAN MARYKNOLL'S FATHER ARTHUR WEBER, OF CUBA CITY, WIS., NOW A MISSIONER IN THE SOCIETY'S KONGMOON FIELD OF SOUTH CHINA. BUT IT TAKES MORE THAN CRAMPED LIMBS, TORRID HEAT, AND INTERMINABLE DELAYS TO DIM FR. WEBER'S SMILE



Is it easier to *imitate* a saint or to *be* one? The good missionary has this much of a choice.

Merely to be an average missionary is, of course, a superlatively easy thing.

All that is required is to cross the ocean on a ship, buy a dictionary, and get to work (not necessarily too hard). Some add a typewriter and a camera; others grow a beard; still others learn to smoke a pipe; each one abounding in his own sense, which is to say his own nationalism, as to the various little incidental appendages of his international vocation.

But the missionary and the good missionary are as far apart as two men in the same profession can well be; the difference is that between Socrates and Squeers.

Condemned To Eternal Youth—

The task of the missionary is to go to a place where he is not wanted to sell

a pearl whose value, although of great price, is not recognized, to people who are determined not to accept it, even as a gift.

To do this he must so conform to the place as to make himself, first tolerated, then respected, finally esteemed; and yet his conformity must not be total.

Prove That You Mean It

MEAN it when you pray:
Thy Kingdom come.

Sponsor a missionary—
month by month, week by
week, or day by day—as
you are able. **What you**
do for God you will never
regret, for He alone is not
outdone in generosity.

It is easy to become wholly oriental, and it is easier still to remain wholly occidental; but the adaptation needed by the good missionary is a judicious combination of the two, and that is a feat.

There is no gentle settling into the pleasant groove of old age for the missionary, for his surroundings fail to recognize and allow for that natural process. Nobody knows that he must have his morning coffee before being corralled by importunate visitors, and nobody cares. Nobody is aware that his afternoon siesta is supposed to partake of the nature of a religious rite, as he is made to realize when he opens his eyes in the middle of it to find genial faces peering at him through the mosquito net. He must live, as well as die, with his boots on. For the Orient will forever demand of him the resiliency of a rubber ball, and only when he is finally punctured will he cease to bounce.

Concerning Patience—

Perhaps the first, and for an American possibly the hardest, somersault is to reassess the value of time. The Chinese face the dawn with little on their minds save a mild curiosity as to what the day will bring forth. The idea of a gift of twenty-four hours in which to accomplish some or many things seldom arises to plague them. Here is one secret of oriental patience. Once eliminate time, and patience comes closer.

Accessibility is a *sine qua non* to the missionary. Why it should be so hard is a mystery when it is recalled that the Holy Father himself, surely the busiest man in the world, spends much of his precious time in this very way, through his multiplied audiences. With that example to inspire him, it ought to be easy for the missionary, whose time is not valuable, to be patient with his callers. But he is human, and so it remains a problem. One great complication is the Chinese habit of delaying to come to the point. It is not good manners in China to mention at once the real object of a call. That must be postponed until various polite nothings and all sorts of vague generalities have well paved the way.

Nor are visitors the only time wasters. Travel is possibly an even greater strain on patience. Boats and trains are sel-

KEEP YOUR FAITH,

dom on time; often have no set time to be on. If he also serves who only stands and waits, the missionary is not altogether an unprofitable servant, since he spends a good part of his life in that pastime.

The Language—

Meanwhile the missionary's work itself has its angularities. The language alone is enough to try the stoutest soul and the glibest tongue. It is hard to learn, and it is hard to use once learned. The dialect varies from village to village. The Chinese themselves are not sure of being understood outside of their own local district, and there is, of course, much less chance for a foreigner.

In these circumstances the missionary is hearing confessions, examining people in doctrine, bargaining with tradesmen and coolies, patching up the quarrels of his neophytes, putting through business deals of more or less finesse, buying land, making building contracts, opening schools, engaging employees, and transacting many other such items of a nature to stretch linguistic powers. How tired he gets of being continually obliged to make decisions and render judgments and perform acts, the full import and implications of which he is not in a position to grasp. Yet he must go plodding along in the dark as best he can until that bright day dawns, after years or perhaps decades, when steady study and wide experience shall finally unite to usher him out of darkness into comparative light. Patience and perseverance are needed to walk that road.

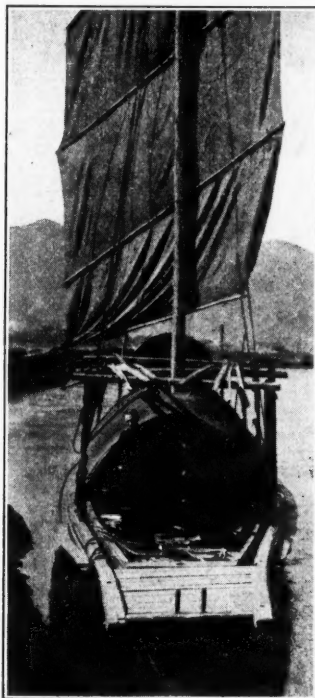
Climate and Cooks—

The stage for all these maneuvers is far from being a favorable one. The South China missionary is in a tropic climate. The heat and the humidity, with the extraordinary fatigue incidental to them, are formidable enemies. Rains are torrential. The thin walls of his Chinese house sweat with humidity; green mould covers everything; his clothes get damp, then mildewed, then moth-eaten. The white ants eat whatever is left, including the house itself. Henri Fabre was right in considering ants to be very intelligent creatures; at least they give every indication of a judicious discrimination in literature, for the books they eat invariably turn out to be the ones most prized, while

the works of Josephus and Montgomery Ward are permitted to remain intact.

A tropic country is the paradise of insects. If ants eat everything, mosquitoes bite everything, while June bugs bump into everything, and big black beetles and big brown roaches crawl over everything and everybody. Flies and fleas are everywhere; rats, bats, and gnats plague and pester.

Then there is the question of cooks. When the missionary becomes a house-



TRAVEL IN CHINA IS A GREAT STRAIN ON PATIENCE. BOATS AND TRAINS ARE SELDOM ON TIME; OFTEN HAVE NO SET TIME TO BE ON. THE MISSIONER WHO IS EXERCISING HIS PATIENCE ON THE CHINESE RIVER JUNK SHOWN ABOVE IS FR. CHARLES ECKSTEIN, OF MILWAUKEE, WIS.

keeper, as become he must or starve, in that simple circumstance alone he is elected to the office of Job. Some cooks in China are better than others, but few, if any, are to the manor born as regards the fine art of appetizing foreign meals; besides the proper selection and variety of food are not always available. If the missionary lives alone

his situation is bearable, but, if he has a community to cater for, he soon finds himself wearing a perpetual hair shirt. He wearies of continual hiring and discharging to suit the whims of all and sundry, and gradually settles into a resigned gauntlet of criticism for the shortcomings of his servants.

Two Extremes—

If the missionary perseveres in prayer, will not all these little natural difficulties be swallowed up in due course? If he prayed perfectly and always, no doubt they would be; but in that case he would already be a saint and would not have any problems, except to remain one. It is possible to pray much, however, without thereby stepping into the class of serene untouchables. The missionary soon finds this out, and this brings the temptation to pray more. Temptation it is; for his vocation is not the cloister.

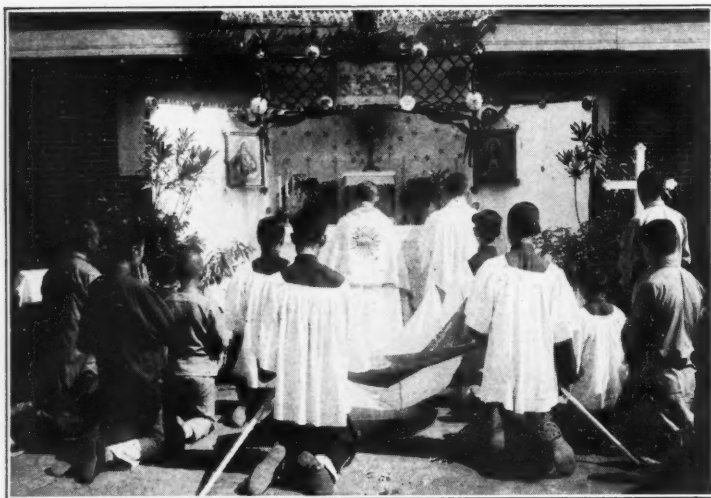
Successful prayer for him is neither in volume, nor yet in the setting. He will do his best praying not in the quiet of his chapel, but treading forest paths and poking into farmhouses and hobnobbing in market places, where the zeal of his vocation should eternally take him in an unceasing quest for souls. His own soul is saved by saving others. This was God's will in his regard, manifested unmistakably when He called him to the mission life.

Yet the missionary cannot afford, of course, to go to the other extreme and neglect his spiritual life on the plea that he is working for the people. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred his work, zealous as it may be, leaves him the usual margins of time that all busy men have. The trouble is that he chooses to give the precious surplus to the radio and the newspaper, instead of to his spiritual exercises. He is tired, it is true; but it takes no more physical strength to read the life of a saint than the life of a gangster, to pray than to play. The active life, salutary and essential as it is for the missionary, has therefore this danger, simple and avoidable, yet very human and exceedingly common.

Pagans Are Pharisees—

When all is said the serious and multiple demands inherent in the calling of a missionary unite to make a pretty

BUT PASS IT ALONG.



NEW CHRISTIANS WORSHIP THEIR EUCHARISTIC KING AT THE MARY-KNOLL LINKIANG MISSION IN MANCHURIA

The Maryknoll priests are Fr. John F. Walsh, of Cumberland, Md., curate at Linkiang, and Fr. Thomas Kay, of Peabody, Mass., from the adjoining Maryknoll Korean field

problem for a weak mortal. The demands face him: how will he face them? He often pleads that he never professed

to be a saint when he set out to be a missionary. He wonders if there is not some way out of the impasse other than



MARYKNOLL SISTERS IN KOREA, ACCOMPANIED BY SOME OF THEIR PUPILS, ENJOY A SAIL ON THE YALU RIVER

The Sisters are Sr. M. Edwardine Hartlieb, of Bamberg, Ont., Canada (left foreground); Sr. M. Margaret Kim (Korean); Sr. M. Agnita Chang (Korean); Sr. M. Claudia Hollfelder, of Jersey City, N. J.; Sr. M. Rose of Lima Robinson, of Jersey City, N. J.; Sr. M. Concepta Benicker, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Sr. M. Willkam Duffy, of Fall River, Mass.

that steep and dreaded road which leads, eventually to Thabor indeed, but via Calvary.

He may make excuses for his own weaknesses, but he has still another factor to deal with—his pagans. It is almost an axiom that the less religion men have, the more they demand in others. Pagans are always pharisees; possibly because pharisees are really pagans. For this reason, among others, the missionary's greatest asset is his reputation. He must pass for a holy man, or be passed by as an average man. Imitating a saint, or even being one, is scarcely too great a price for the missionary to pay for a good reputation among pagans.

The Easiest Way—

Good missionary, how can a man hope to measure up to this vocation? Is he likely to manage it by any natural means? The answer is that it would take an exceedingly clever man; so clever indeed that he probably does not exist. And, if such a man could be found, it would cost him far more time and effort and study and care to maneuver successfully through this maze than it would require to perform the same work through the automatic means of becoming a saint. Sanctity is therefore the easiest way, because it is the straightest road.

And so, instead of trying to imitate the saint, it would be better for the missionary to concentrate on the less complex process of *being* one.

The Feast of the Assumption at Linkiang

THE Maryknoll mission at Linkiang, a flourishing lumber industry center on the Yalu River in Manchuria, is only a few years old. It was founded by Fr. Joseph Sweeney, of New Britain, Conn., who is now in South China laboring as Maryknoll's pioneer apostle to the lepers. On the opposite bank of the Yalu from Linkiang is Jung Kang, a mission in the Maryknoll Korean field. From Linkiang as a base Maryknollers have made a number of mission trips to the historic Changpai Forest in Manchuria, the cradle of the Manchu

YOU WILL FIND THAT YOUR FAITH

Dynasty which for several centuries ruled China.

Fr. Howard Geselbracht, of Chicago, Ill., succeeded Fr. Sweeney at Linkiang, and he is assisted by Fr. John F. Walsh, of Cumberland, Md., brother of our Bishop James E. Walsh, Vicar Apostolic of the Maryknoll Kongmoon Mission in South China. Fr. Walsh sent to the Maryknoll Center the following account of last year's Feast of the Assumption at Linkiang:

The Christians and catechumens started to arrive on the Saturday before the Feast and by Monday noon our little courtyard was fairly "ie-nao", as the natives would say—translated freely, it might correspond to our word for "bustling".

The days they were with us were filled with joy for us missionaries, the joy of being able to minister to the spiritual needs of this group of recent converts. And just here we would ask the charity of your prayers for the perseverance of these new Christians. Theirs is not an easy lot, surrounded as they are on all sides by pagan neighbors and the age-old superstitions of paganism.

The morning of the Feast, bright and early (it seemed like midnight—being only about 4.30 a.m.), the curate had the great privilege of conferring the Sacrament of Baptism on three young men. These lads had successfully passed the examination of doctrine, after being under instruction for nearly a year. Thus another Peter, Paul, and John were added to the growing list of Christians at our mission.

The Baptisms were followed by the first Mass, shortly after six o'clock. The little chapel was crowded beyond the doors, and we had the largest number of Holy Communions thus far this year. The next Mass, a Missa Cantata, was sung by the pastor, with the curate and six young lads acting as choir.

The day was spent in greeting the Christians and catechumens, and in talks with the catechists from the out-stations. Shortly after dinner all gathered in the courtyard to carry out the pretty Chinese custom of sending for the Fa-

TWO TITLES FOR YOUR WILL

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated.

Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Incorporated.

thers to wish them "Pai-Chan-Li"—a Happy Feast Day. The pastor responded with an appropriate talk, which



FR. JAMES M. RAY, M.M., OF NEW YORK CITY, MAKES FRIENDS WITH THE NEPHEW OF HIS KOREAN PRIESTLY "PAL", FR. PETER RYANG. THE NEPHEW EVIDENTLY HAS HIS SPEECH BY HEART, AND MAKES USE OF SWEEPING GESTURES

seemed to please everyone. This was followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

These few notes are written to give you some slight idea of what happened at Linkiang during these days, but they cannot begin to tell you of the happiness which such occasions bring to the hearts of the priests who are privileged to labor in this section of the Master's Vineyard.

Korean Hospitality Plus Christian Faith

FROM Fr. James Ray, of New York City, a member of Maryknoll's 1933 mission band, comes

this revealing glimpse of the hospitality of Korean Christians:

There were three of us, Peter, Joe, and myself. I very retiringly told Peter it was about time we visited his home. I suppose it is almost superfluous to tell you that Peter is Fr. Peter Ryang, one of our Korean priests, who speaks English with a fluency that gives heart to us tyro missionaries when we blankly gaze at the Korean hieroglyphics.

And Joe, why that's Fr. Joseph Gibbons, who used to hail from the metropolis of the world, but who shortly before ordination moved to a suburb. Yonkers is the name it goes by, I believe.

As I was saying before I interrupted myself, our trio set out for Peter's home. Now Peter's folks live in Sukkaji, which same is about six miles from the nearest railway station. However, when a few mountains and plenty of mud are thrown in, the distance seems more like ten miles.

Even so, we got there, and what a home-coming! Generous bows and welcoming smiles, a nice warm Korean house, and a fatted calf killed for the prodigal son and his two brigand friends.

"Peter," I said, "I guess your father is glad to see you."

"He's gladder still to see you two," was the surprising answer. Here indeed was Christian faith.

That night I got my first taste of sleeping on the floor. It was great!

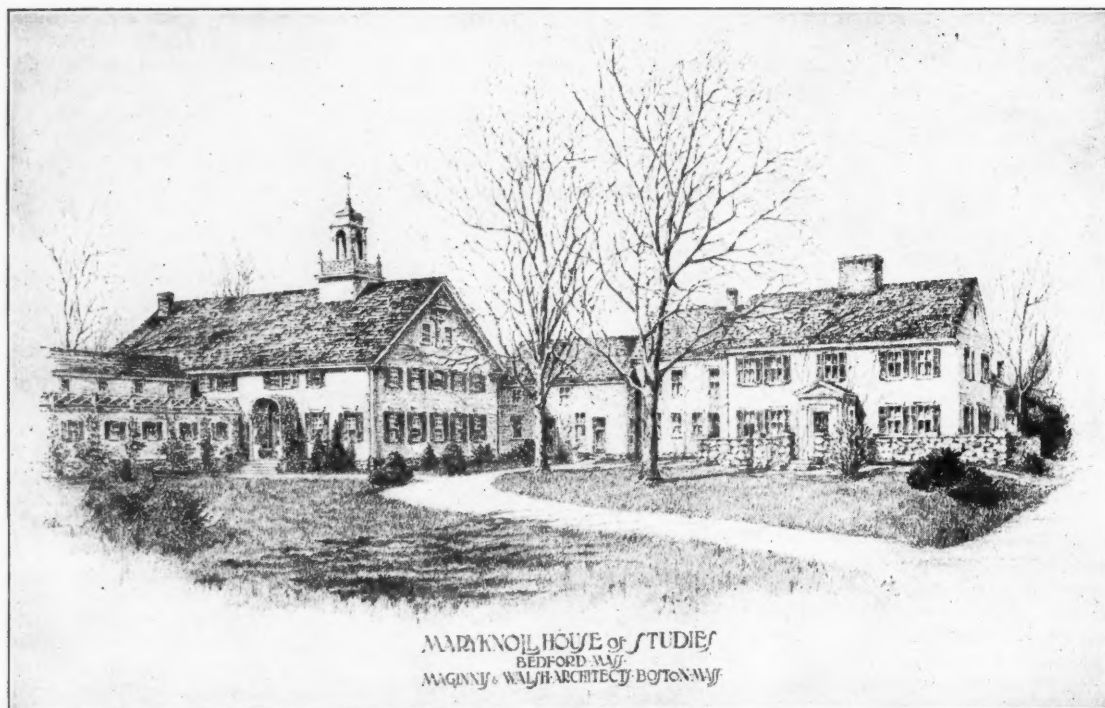
All the little inconveniences looked small indeed in the light of what Father Peter said the next morning: "This is the first time since these hills were made that three Masses were ever offered on the same day in this village."

A humble schoolroom was the church that day, and it was filled. During the Masses Christians prayed within, while pagans looked on from without.

We returned to the cosy house for breakfast. We ate while twenty of the Christians crowded about to see just what we did with the knives and forks.

After the meal was ended, we bade our hosts reluctant farewells. With typical Korean courtesy they accompanied us well on our way. We were going, but leaving part of our hearts behind.

IS STRONGER FOR YOUR INTEREST IN OTHERS.



THE END OF AUGUST WILL BRING TO A CLOSE THE FIRST PROBATION YEAR AT BEDFORD, MASS.; AND WE CANNOT REFRAIN AT THIS TIME FROM A WORD OF THANKS TO GOD FOR A VISIBLE BLESSING ON THIS OUR LATEST DEVELOPMENT, AND TO FRIENDS IN THE BOSTON ARCHDIOCESE, HIS EMINENCE AND THE PRIESTS ESPECIALLY, WHO MADE IT POSSIBLE

Maryknoll Events

HIGHLIGHTS in the Maryknoll Movement during the past year have been:

May 6, 1933

Ordination to the priesthood at Kongmoon, by Bishop James E. Walsh, M.M., of Fr. Thomas T'ao, the first native priest to be ordained for the Maryknoll Wuchow Mission, South China.

May 25, 1933

Ordination to the priesthood at Peng Yang, by Bishop Larribeau, P.F.M., of Fr. Francis Hong, a native priest for the Maryknoll Peng Yang Mission in Korea.

June 29, 1933

The Maryknoll Superior General and Co-Founder is consecrated Titular Bishop of Siene, at Rome, by Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi.

July 30, 1933

Departure Ceremony at Maryknoll, N. Y., for the 1933 mission band.

August 6, 1933

Departure Ceremony for the Maryknoll Sisters' 1933 mission band.

August, 1933

Sailing of Maryknoll's pioneer mission band for Japan.

September 3, 1933

The Maryknoll General ordains for

the first time, conferring the diaconate on three Maryknoll students.

September 12, 1933

Opening of the scholastic year at the Major Seminary, with the largest enrollment thus far, 125 seminarians.

September 24, 1933

Ordination to the priesthood, by the Maryknoll General, of Fathers G. Fred Heinzmann, M.M., Vincent P. Mallon, M.M., and Charles M. Magsam, M.M.

October 3, 1933

The clothing at Kongmoon of five Chinese novices, the first to be clothed for the Native Sisterhood founded by Bishop James E. Walsh, M.M.

October, 1933

The Maryknoll Kaying Mission secures a Procure in Swatow.

October, 1933

Fr. Joseph Sweeney, M.M., of New Britain, Conn., assumes the care of a village of leper beggars in the Kongmoon Vicariate, thus inaugurating Maryknoll work for the lepers of South China.

FURTHERING THE CAUSE

THE Maryknoll Annuity
enables Catholics of moderate means, but of world-wide hearts, to co-operate in the extension of God's reign.

Write now for further details.

**Address: The Field Afar Office
Maryknoll, N. Y.**

A MAN WHO IS MORE THAN BUSY FOR

October, 1933

The opening at Siaolok, in the Maryknoll Kaying Mission, of a Novitiate for a new Native Sisterhood.

November 7, 1933

Opening of the Maryknoll Probatorium at Bedford, Mass.

November 21, 1933

Ceremony of Investiture at the Maryknoll Seminary for thirty-five new students, and at the Bedford Probatorium for seven students and five Brothers.

November 26, 1933

The blessing of the Maryknoll Bedford Probatorium by His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell.

December 9-10, 1933

Maryknoll Pilgrimage from Canton, Hong Kong, and Macao to St. Francis Xavier's Memorial Shrine at Sancian Island.

December 23, 1933

Ordination to the priesthood at Rome, by Cardinal Marchetti, of Fr. Marcus Chai, a native priest for the Maryknoll Kaying Mission, South China.

January 2, 1934

Departure for South China of Brother Gregory Brennock, M.M., of New York City.

January 6, 1934

At the Maryknoll Sisters' Motherhouse nine take first vows, and sixteen are clothed with the habit of the Congregation.

February 16, 1934

The Maryknoll General leaves headquarters for a visitation of the Society's houses in the United States.

March 2, 1934

The Maryknoll General gives Confirmation to thirty-one at the Maryknoll Japanese Mission in Los Angeles.

April 18, 1934

The death at St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco, of Father Francis Bridge, M.M., of Midland, Pa., a missionary of Maryknoll-in-Manchuria.

June 17, 1934

Ordination to the priesthood by the Maryknoll General of Fathers Thomas F. Nolan, Joseph C. Burns, James E. Fitzgerald, Donat W. Chatigny, Cyril J. Kramar, Bernard T. Welch, Patrick C. Toomey, Clement P. Boesflug, Raymond C. Hohlfeld, Edmund L. Ryan, Edward C. Youker, Francis W. Keelan,

William M. Mackesy, George D. Hagerty, Francis J. O'Neill, John F. Donovan, J. Joseph Daly, and Timothy J. Daley.

June 30, 1934

At the Maryknoll Sisters' Mother-

house twelve take first vows, and twelve are clothed with the habit of the Congregation.

July 29, 1934

Departure Ceremony at Maryknoll, N. Y., for the 1934 mission band.

ENTRANCE CONDITIONS**MAJOR SEMINARY**

ADMITTANCE to the *Philosophy Course* calls for the equivalent of six years of Latin, i. e., four years of high school and two of college courses.

Admittance to the *Probatorium* is allowed after two years of Philosophy; made either at Maryknoll, or in an outside college.

Admittance to the *Theology Course* follows on the above.

Other requirements are: *Satisfactory recommendations; Certificates of Baptism, Confirmation, and of parents' marriage; An ardent desire to save souls; The spirit of sacrifice and prayer; Special attraction to foreign missions; Strength of mind and body; Adaptability; Perseverance in study, and at least average talent.*

PREPARATORY COLLEGES

MARYKNOLL has Preparatory Schools at Clarks Summit, Pa.; Mt. Washington, Cincinnati, O.; and Los Altos, Calif.

Students are accepted after two years of high school. Boys in lower grades who feel drawn to the life of a foreign missionary are invited to take up correspondence with Maryknoll.

The requirements are: *Satisfactory recommendations from pastor and school; Certificates of Baptism, Confirmation, and parents' marriage; Physician's certificate of health.*

For terms and further information, address:

**THE MOST REV. SUPERIOR GENERAL
MARYKNOLL :::: NEW YORK**

GOD IS MORE THAN BLESSED BY HIM.

THE FIELD AFAR

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Six years' subscription.....\$5.00

Subscription for life.....\$50.00
(Membership in the Society is included
with all subscriptions.)

**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**



FATHER FABER visioned this ball of earth as a brilliant Sanctuary Lamp in the universe, dripping with the Precious Blood of Christ. One drop of the Precious Blood was sufficient to save all the inhabitants of this earth, but in God's wondrous plan Redemption was and is to be applied through men.

Here indeed is condescension, God making use of man as His instrument to win souls; but here also is responsibility for us, whatever be our position in life, to pass on to others the revealed word of God.

**God hath graced us in His
Beloved Son, in Whom we have
redemption through His Blood.**

MARYKNOLL offers congratulations to the Most Reverend Maurice Francis McAuliffe, D.D., newly appointed Bishop of Hartford.

Bishop McAuliffe, consecrated as Auxiliary in 1926, assumes the direction of a splendidly organized diocese; and all who know him realize that the mantle of charity which graced the person of his



MULTIPLYING THE MISSIONER

THOUGH Maryknoll missionaries in the Orient are "on the road" a great part of the time, it is physically impossible for them to minister frequently to their scattered Christians, not to mention the evangelizing of millions of pagans.

So, in order to carry out Christ's command to preach the Gospel to all men, the missionary is obliged to multiply himself. This he can do by means of *Native Catechists*, provided he has the assistance of mission lovers in the homeland.

In the Maryknoll Missions of China the monthly salary of a *Catechist* is \$10; in Korea, where living expenses are higher, \$15 are needed.

predecessor, the late Bishop Nilan, falls on most worthy shoulders.

Congratulations also to the recently consecrated Bishops of Des Moines and Amarillo—the Most Reverend Gerald T. Bergan, and the Most Reverend Robert E. Lucey.

**Who is this that cometh from
Edom, with dyed garments from
Bosra? This Beautiful One
in His robe?**

ON the 700th anniversary of the canonization of Saint Dominic a ceremony took place at the beautiful church of St. Vincent Ferrer's in New York. The event recalled the Founder of a great Order, whose members have been a help and an inspiration to Maryknoll from its beginning. On this occasion the sermon was delivered by the Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, D.D.,

whose name is today a household word in the United States.

After the ceremony the V. Rev. Provincial, Father Terence S. McDermott, presented the Maryknoll Superior General (who had presided at the ceremony) with a pectoral cross and chain as an expression of regard from the Dominican Fathers in the Province of St. Joseph. The cross was designed by Mr. Charles D. Maginnis, president of the Liturgical Arts, and was made in Rome. It contains a relic of Saint Dominic and an inscription which refers to the affiliation of Bishop Walsh, who, on one of his visits to Rome, was received as a tertiary and named Father Dominic by the late Dominican General, Father Theisling.

**He was clothed in a robe
sprinkled with blood, and His
Name is called the Word of
God.**

AUTOISTS should recall that St. Christopher has a feast day in July. While considering him as a protector against accidents, it would be well to give a thought to the fifteen missionaries who will shortly be on their way to the Orient, Christ bearers as was St. Christopher himself. This will please St. Christopher.

THE *Sponsor Idea* has impressed a gratifying number of our friends and, notwithstanding the hard times, we have so far managed to keep up the expected and necessary subsidy to our missionaries.

The missionaries themselves wonder how we can do so, and friends in the homeland also wonder. Our reply is very simple. It is practically that of Saint Teresa, who attributed her income to "God, Teresa, and ducats." We won't criticize Saint Teresa, but we remind ourselves that the ducats should be credited to benefactors who have been inspired to give alms, spiritual as well as temporal.

The Maryknoll *Sponsor Idea* consists in finding friends who will

SACRIFICE AND SERVICE

support a Maryknoller at *one dollar a day* for as many days each month as desirable. Some will send a day's support; others, means for a week; and from a growing number who can afford the larger measure we actually receive a full month's support regularly. Reminders go to these friends, who are assured that whenever they feel they cannot keep up this practical cooperation, the reminder will be discontinued. Sacrifice rather than discontinuance is the usual experience.

Thou hast redeemed us, O Lord, in Thy Blood, out of every tribe and tongue, and people and nation.

EVERY year after assigning a group of young priests to the missions we ask ourselves: *How can we get them over?* And always we are immediately consoled by the fact that so far the passage expense has been substantially met by our friends and well-wishers.

We believe that among the many who read of this coming 1934 Departure, some will be found to look on such an opportunity as a grace, that will bring reward proportionate to the sacrifice involved.

The chalice of benediction which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ?

DEPARTURE DAY is now an institution at Maryknoll, and draws every year an increasing number of attendants although we make no conscious effort to attract a large gathering. The ceremony is by its very nature an interesting one and those who witness it communicate their experiences to others, with the result that we are beginning to wonder if after a while we shall not have to limit the attendance to relatives and close friends of the "departants".

The ceremony is usually held in the quadrangle and weather conditions have favored us in the past,



MARY IS TAKEN UP INTO HEAVEN, THE ANGELS REJOICE, AND BLESS GOD WITH SONGS OF PRAISE (FIRST VESPERS OF THE ASSUMPTION)

so that hundreds and even some thousands of people could actually get a good idea of the ceremony; but should the weather turn bad there would be only the temporary chapel to serve the purpose, and that would contain very few in addition to the seminarians and priests assisting. Knowing as we do, however, that the Departure at Maryknoll has been a spiritual help to many, we hope to leave it open as long as we can to casual visitors.

IT looks as if the Maryknoll Movement directed to the lepers of South China will find many friends in this country. We can think of no stronger appeal than this which brings us back to the Gospel Story, and makes us realize what this world can be without Christ.

Two Maryknoll priests are now engaged exclusively in leper work, and our readers will find their experiences as recorded from time to time singularly interesting.

ARE THE MEASURES OF TRUE LOVE.

Maryknollers Follow in Japan and



SUNSET IN KYOTO, THE "ROME OF BUDDHISM"



On his return from a visitation of the far-flung mission fields of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, undertaken in 1931, Archbishop de Guébriant, the Superior General, wrote a brief account of his long trek. His travel log, covering India, Indo-China, Malaysia, immense sectors of China, Manchuria, Korea, and Japan, is in its virile and mat-

ter-of-fact simplicity a striking revelation of the scope and labors of the great French foreign mission organization.

Writing of the diocese of Osaka in Japan Archbishop de Guébriant says:

More than three-fourths of the missionary effort in Bishop Castanier's diocese is concentrated on the city of Osaka itself, on its neighbor Kyoto, designated as "The Rome of Buddhism", and on the thickly populated region between the two cities and immediately

surrounding them. There is there an almost solid agglomeration of at least four million souls; and throughout the region there is a sprinkling of Catholic parishes, some already seasoned and firmly established, others of recent growth and still in the formative stage.

It is evident that the experimental stage has been passed there, and that the methods of evangelization have been fairly well determined. Both missionaries and native priests spend themselves to put these methods into practice and results, slow but sure, are not wanting. In order to increase tenfold these results it would be sufficient to multiply the apostolic workers. You ought to hear Bishop Castanier when he gets on that subject. His eloquence is really convincing when he pleads for additions to his mission personnel.

The New Field—

At the present writing Bishop Castanier's wish has been fulfilled.



THE GOLDEN PAVILION OF KYOTO WAS ONCE THE SUMMER HOME OF A POWERFUL SHOGUN (MILITARY GOVERNOR)



THE MARTYRS OF FEBRUARY 5, 1597, ARE EXPOSED TO THE POPULACE OF THE PICTURE, "THE TWENTY MARTYRS"

Trail Blazed by St. Francis Xavier

Once again the Paris Foreign missionaries, truly our "elder brothers in Christ", are welcoming Maryknoll to reap the fruit of long years of arduous labor on the part of our French predecessors. It was by their request that Maryknoll received three mission fields in South China, one in Manchuria, and one in Korea, and it is by their wish also that the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda has assigned to Maryknoll a new Mission in Japan.

Maryknoll-in-Japan will include the civil prefectures of Kyoto and Shiga, detached from the diocese of Osaka, and its Center will be the historic city of Kyoto. The new territory will be about a third of the present diocese of Osaka.

Three young Maryknoll priests were assigned to Japan last summer and have been studying the language at Tokyo. Maryknollers



KYOTO'S GIANT CHERRY TREE, AT MARUYAMA PARK

will take over the new field in the summer of 1935.

In The Footsteps of Xavier—

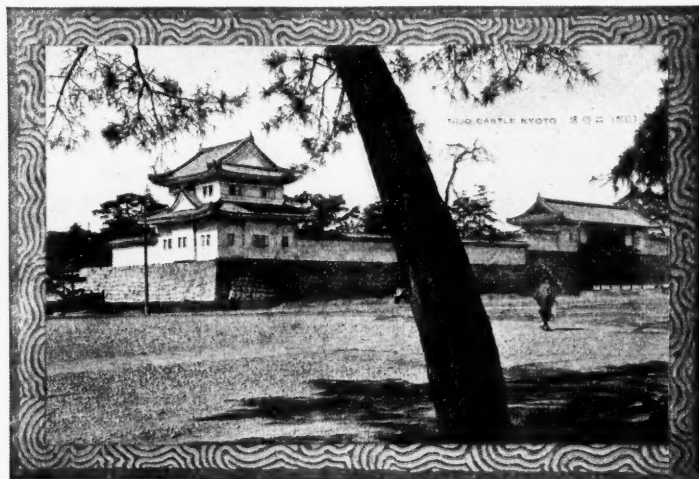
In Japan as in China Maryknollers will follow in the footsteps of St. Francis Xavier. Already to Maryknollers of China has been entrusted the care of Sancian Island, whence Xavier's ardent soul returned to God and where he was first buried. At Kyoto the American missionaries will again follow a trail blazed by the Apostle of the

Orient.

Kyoto, which the Saint sought to evangelize in 1550, was not kind to Xavier. Since 794, when the Emperor Kammu selected it for his residence and laid out the city on lines similar to Sianfu in China, Kyoto had been the capital of the Empire. It had also become the center of Japan's civilization and culture and a stronghold of Buddhism. At the time of Xavier's arrival, however, the reigning Emperor was a mere figure-



1597: JESUIT MISSIONARIES AND NATIVE JAPANESE, SCENE FROM THE MOTION PICTURE "THE TWENTY MARTYRS OF JAPAN"



STALWART NIJO CASTLE NEAR KYOTO, A RELIC OF THE SHOGUNS, IS ALMOST FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OLD

head, completely at the mercy of the great feudal lords who had seized all his power and of the bonzes who had banded together in orders more military than religious. The imperial palace at Kyoto was a mere ruin, and the Emperor's family had barely enough to eat. When the bonzes suffered the least contradiction they took up arms and surrounded the imperial palace, carrying by way of standard the *Mikoshi*, a kind of sacred ark.

Xavier tried in vain to obtain an audience with the Emperor, but learned that he would have to pay lavishly for such a favor and he had not the money. He realized too that the protection of such a shadow ruler would avail him little. He attempted to preach in the streets of the capital, but met with the coldest indifference. He left Kyoto after a stay of barely a fortnight.

The Church in Kyoto—

In 1559, the Jesuit Father Vilela, accompanied by Brother Lawrence, a former street singer whom Xavier had baptized at Yamaguchi, in his turn tried to effect an entry into this citadel of Japanese Buddhism. He dressed as a bonze, and preached in the streets. At first the people made mock both of his language and of his doctrine, but the calm dignity and gentleness of the Jesuit finally won for him the good will of his hearers. Some bonzes of rank were the first to declare themselves converted, and many noblemen from that time on sought instruction in the new religion.

By 1563 the conversions had become so numerous that the Buddhists were alarmed. The bonzes began attacks on Christianity which did not cease until in 1614 the edict of the Shogun Ieyasu banished the missionaries from Japan and prohibited the Christian religion. During the interval, however, the missionaries profited by the fact that many of the Japanese noblemen were bitter enemies of the bonzes and favored Christian-

ity in order to oppose them. Thus Murai Sadakatsu, governor of Kyoto, assisted the Jesuits to build a church in that city in the face of desperate opposition on the part of the bonzes. The new church was completed in the year 1577, and dedicated to the *Assumption of Our Lady*, in memory of the fact that, twenty-eight years before, Xavier had landed in Japan on that feast.

It was in this Church of the Assumption at Kyoto that occurred the arrest of a number of the *Twenty-six Martyrs* who were crucified at Nagasaki, on February 5, 1597. The church and the houses of the missionaries were ut-



THIS BELL, NOW KEPT IN THE PAGAN TEMPLE OF SHUNKOIN AT KYOTO, ONCE HUNG IN THE CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION BUILT BY THE CITY'S EARLY MISSIONERS. IT BEARS THE DATE OF THE CHURCH'S COMPLETION, 1577. THE JAPANESE CALLED THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AT KYOTO NAMBANJI, "TEMPLE OF THE SOUTHERN BARBARIANS"

terly destroyed in 1614, and the Christians of Kyoto were driven from their homes. A whole quarter of the city, known as Matsubara, had been almost entirely occupied by Christians, and it soon resembled a desert. What had not been destroyed by the persecutors, the Buddhists carried off.

Ancient Glories—

The people of Kyoto have a passionate love for their abode of

former glories, known as the "Classical City", "the Historic City", and the "Fine-Art City of Japan". It has today 765,142 inhabitants, and is the fourth largest city in the country. Though the capital was transferred in 1868 to Tokyo, the Emperors of Japan are still crowned at Kyoto, and it has been decreed that the coronation ceremonies shall take place there in perpetuity.

Travelers like to linger amid its temples and ancient palaces, and enjoy its frequent festivals in which the townspeople participate with the greatest zest. The most famous of these festivals is the magnificent Cherry Dance, performed by *geishas* (dancing girls) in the cherry blossom season.

The great Buddhist monastery of Chion-in is impressive in size, simplicity, richness of appointments and in its splendid proportions. Near this temple is a big bell, exceptionally sweet and penetrating in tone. Beautiful Maruyama Park is also near by, celebrated for its cherry blossoms. One of its cherry trees is a giant over four hundred years old, and when it is in bloom it is illuminated at night with torches and colored lights.

Then there are the Golden Pavilion, Mist Mountain, the Tombs of Emperor Meiji and Empress Shoken, Lake Biwa with its "Eight Noted Sights", and countless other splendors, natural and man-made, which more than justify the passionate pride of Kyoto's inhabitants.

Maryknollers in Japan will understand that pride and devotion, but, yearning for the time when this people shall come to the knowledge of a Greater and Absolute Beauty, they will spend themselves to bring to dwellers in this radiant city of a thousand temples the vision of that other holy city where the Lord God Almighty is the only temple and His Glory the only illumination. *And the nations shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth shall bring their glory and honor into it.*

Glimpses Along The Maryknoll Mission Trail



WHEN CATHOLIC MIDDLE SCHOOL STUDENTS RESIDING IN MONSIGNOR FORD'S AQUINAS HALL DORMITORY, KAYING CITY, SOUTH CHINA, GAVE A FAREWELL ENTERTAINMENT IN HONOR OF BROTHER ANTHONY BOYD, M.M., OF CARTHAGE, N. Y. BROTHER ANTHONY, WHO HAS BEEN TEACHING ENGLISH IN THREE OF KAYING CITY'S GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS, WAS RECENTLY TRANSFERRED TO MARYKNOLL-IN-KOREA. BESIDE BROTHER ANTHONY IS FR. MAURICE AHERN, M.M., OF CHICAGO, ILL.

Father O'Day Goes on a Sick Call



Fr. James O'Day,
M.M., of
Providence, R. I.

MARYKNOLL'S Fr. James O'Day, of Providence, R. I., admits that a sick-call to a mission station over fifty miles away, via shanks' mare and under South China's sub-tropical sun, means FA-

TIGUE in capital letters, but the discomfort is as nothing compared to the joy of giving a member of

his flock the Viaticum. He writes:

This year I am building a small chapel in my farthest mission station, up near the border of the Province of Kiangsi. That is very close to the Red territory and frequently it is dangerous to make the trip, as there are a good many local Reds secretly in touch with those of Kiangsi. The station is a little over fifty miles away, and walking to it under the South China sun means FATIGUE in capital letters.

About ten days ago I received a message at nine o'clock in the evening that

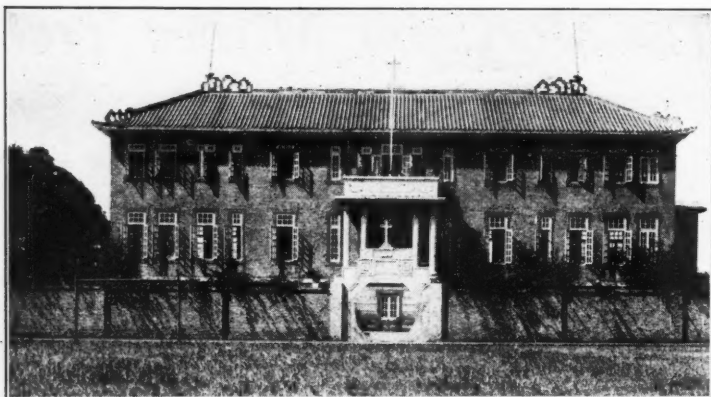
an old man was dying up there. I immediately packed in order that all might be ready for an early start in the morning. At the break of dawn we started off, my doctrine teacher, my boy to care for the mules and cook on the road, and myself. One mule carried the pack, while the other was saddled so that we might take turns in riding when we wearied of walking. Until about four o'clock we trudged along under the blaze of the sun, but I had determined to reach our destination that night, if humanly possible, so we carried on.

At five o'clock, just as we reached a river, a thunder shower of exceptional force hit us. We crossed on the river boat, but could not disembark at the regular landing owing to the fury of the storm. Lower down the river I

PLEASANT DOSES

of mission interest may be administered easily and cheaply through the PAPER-COVERED books. See page 228.

BECOME THE MASTER OF YOUR THOUGHTS. — CARDINAL MERCIER.



AT THE LITTLE FLOWER SEMINARY, ERECTED BY BISHOP JAMES E. WALSH, OF CUMBERLAND, MD., VICAR APOSTOLIC OF THE MARYKNOLL KONGMOON FIELD IN SOUTH CHINA, OVER A HUNDRED CHINESE BOYS ARE BEING PREPARED FOR THE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD. THE YEARLY MAINTENANCE OF EACH OF THESE STUDENTS AMOUNTS TO ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

sent off the laden mule, and, after floundering up to his stomach in the mud of the river bank, he finally gained a height of twenty-five feet above us. I was driving off the other animal when I saw the pack mule come head over heels down the hill and plunge with a crash into the river. Luckily before he plunged the ropes broke on the pack, and left the baggage high and dry on the bank about six inches from the water's edge. The mule could not climb up the bank, so, swimming over to the

boat, he looked it over and then in disgust swam back across the river. We finally got him on the right side, repacked, and continued on, wet to the skin, but delightfully cool. For a couple of hours we had practically to crawl through the darkness, as the heavy clouds completely obscured the full moon, until we at last borrowed a lantern from a shop. After ten o'clock we reached the place, tired, but happy.

There was no immediate danger, so I waited until the next morning to ad-



FR. SYLVIO GILBERT, M.M., OF WEBSTER, MASS. (RIGHT), FR. ALONSO ESCALANTE, M.M., OF NEW YORK CITY, AND NEWLY BAPTIZED CHRISTIANS AT TUNG-HUA IN THE MARYKNOLL MANCHURIAN FIELD

minister the Sacraments. The following day the old man died. This was the old gentleman to whom I had entrusted the building of the chapel. He solicited contributions from all the neighbors, Christian and pagan. He was unable to get any money, but secured materials: wood for the building, sand for the mortar, and bricks for the walls; and labor for the erection of the chapel. I have now given the job into the hands of his nephew, whom I am using as a teacher to instruct the children in the doctrine. After leaving the Christians, we made a visitation of other mission stations to give them the benefit of the Sacraments.

Why Mr. Chan Became a Catholic

BISHOP James Edward Walsh, Vicar Apostolic of the Maryknoll Kongmoon field in South China, claims that a noteworthy characteristic of the Chinese is common sense. The following story of Mr. Chan's conversion would seem to prove that he is not mistaken:

Mr. Chan is a mellow patriarch who "speaks the words" in one market place and two villages, which is to say that, when he opens his mouth in his bailiwick, no dog barks. When he proposed to lead his four hundred clansmen into the Church, he was asked the reason.

"It is the best thing that I see on the horizon," he said simply. "There is a lot of talk about progress and science and commerce and many other things around these parts nowadays, but our people are no better than they were before. The enemies of our villages are bandits and opium and gambling, and I want to tie up with a solid organization that will keep the young people on the right track. Progress and science may be all right, but they don't come wandering into our village to drink tea with us, as you folks do. So put down our four hundred names, please, and the old man will die in peace."

True love never dies, for it is stronger than death. God Himself has said so. The strength and increase of love is in prayer.

—Bl. Theophane Venard.

CAN YOU LEAVE ALL FOR CHRIST?

At the Village of Liu Miu

MARYKNOLL'S Fr. Thomas V. Kiernan, of Cortland, N. Y., was assigned seven years ago to the Society's Wuchow mission field in South China. The Catholics of this sector are for the greater part recent converts, and Fr. Kiernan tells of the daughter of one such Christian family who can have only Baptism of Desire. He writes:

Liu Miu has a soft spot in my heart, as it was the first catechumenate where I baptized. There are two young men in their early twenties here who are outstandingly sterling types, humble, docile, and faithful. Would that we could do something for them, as their rice larder is perpetually at a low ebb.

One of the girls of this village was married to a pagan before her family underwent instructions, and consequently she is not baptized, although she followed most of the catechumenate course. I remember her tears the day she saw her family receive the purifying waters of Baptism. Her husband was unwilling for her to enter the Church.

The girl's father plans to visit the mountain village where his daughter's new family lives, and to tell them about the Faith. He says that he wants his child and his grandchildren to be "children of the Church".

When Midsummer is Welcome

FATHER Alonso Escalante, once of New York City, before that of sunny Mexico, and now of Maryknoll-in-Manchuria, would not change his adopted country for any land in the world. But he does admit it is a trifle cold over there. He says of the Manchurian brand of weather:

I am just about beginning to feel thawed out from last winter, but I know it won't be long now before a nice, cold, windy spell will come this way—and winter will be here again. About the only time I get warmed up here is when the bandits attack.

For instance, at four the other morning we were in between the fire of the soldiers and the bandits. They hit our building several times, and rang the church bell with a bullet. I knew I

was safe, I was covered with blankets in such a way that no bullet could have located me; but I was so indignant at being cheated of several hours' sleep that I became not merely warm, but hot!

Some boxes from the States came for me the other day. They had been opened before they got here. By whom? By those creatures known as bandits. They had removed all articles of clothing, and a nice blanket belonging to Msgr. Lane.

The police gave me a receipt stating that bandits had held up the carters. I sent the receipt to the Monsignor and told him that it might make him hot under the collar, but certainly would



THE WAITING LINE AT THE WELL PATRONIZED MARYKNOLL HOSPITAL IN FUSHUN, MANCHURIA, EXTENDS INTO THE STREET

Msgr. Lane has placed in charge of this hospital Dr. Shu, an able young Catholic graduate of the Mukden Medical School. The hospital has been the means of numerous conversions

not keep him as warm during the coming winter as the stolen blanket.

BOOKS RECEIVED

It's Christ or War—

By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work, 3742 West Pine Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo. Price ten cents.

Manual of The Eucharistic Crusade—

Compiled by Gregory G. Rybrook, O.Praem. Published by the National Bureau of The Eucharistic Crusade, St. Norbert Abbey, West De Pere, Wis. Price twenty cents.

CAN YOU LEAVE YOURSELF?

Cruise TO THE
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See

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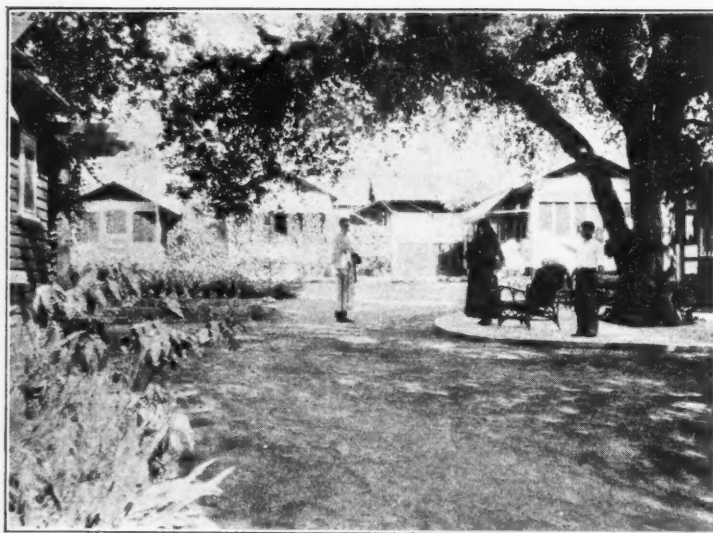
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Maryknoll-in-Monrovia



THE MONROVIA SANATORIUM CONSISTS OF TWO LARGE BUILDINGS AND A GROUP OF ATTRACTIVE CABINS. ITS GARDENS ARE BRIGHT WITH VARI-COLORED FLOWERS



FROM the beginning of Maryknoll work in Los Angeles a great desire, corresponding to a gravely felt need, was the establishment of a sanatorium for Japanese afflicted with tuberculosis.

It seemed to be one of those projects that God wishes to try with anxiety before it can be accomplished. Possible sites in many parts of Southern California were investigated. From time to time it seemed that the suitable place had been found, but something always made it impossible to start.

Finally, after ten years of long-ing and searching, an enchanting spot was found near the Sierra Madre foothills, twenty miles from the center of Los Angeles. The place was situated in a notably healthful region and was already in use as a sanatorium. Its gardens were bright with vari-colored flowers and a flourishing grove supplied an abundance of oranges.

St. Joseph has been credited with this find, which, indeed,

seemed providential. Everything lent itself to its successful acquisition. The owner, an earnest Catholic, was gratified that her work should be carried on by Maryknoll Sisters. Difficulties in the transfer arose, some of them seemingly

insurmountable, but each was met successfully. The solution came almost always on a Wednesday, thus quietly disclosing the hand of Mary's holy spouse, to whose intercession the Sisters had had recourse.

A Worthy Record—

On June 4, 1930, five Maryknoll Sisters arrived. In the course of a tour of inspection they found room for twenty-two patients, the sanatorium being made up of two large buildings and a group of attractive cabins. Nine of the latter are equipped as private rooms, with dressing rooms attached. Of the larger buildings, one had six rooms and could accommodate twelve patients, and the other was suitable for the convent. All equipment came with the purchase, so that it was possible to receive patients immediately.

On the First Friday of June the Sacred Heart took up its abode in the little chapel. On the same day the first patient, a Japanese, was expected. He came from a long distance, however, and was delayed in Los Angeles for a few days, so that when he reached the sanatorium he found that the first place had been "usurped" by another of his own race. He was reserved for a greater privilege, that of receiving the first Baptism in the house and being its first "Thief of Paradise".

Other patients soon followed and three months later found every bed occupied. Now, after four years, the sanatorium has a worthy record. One hundred and nineteen patients have received treatment, of whom thirty-two were Religious. Seventy were Japanese, of whom fifteen received Baptism and fourteen made their first Holy Communion, while five were confirmed. A total of 8,410 Holy Communion were distributed, 1,236 Confessions were heard, and twelve patients received Extreme Unction.

Joy in Suffering—

With its proximity to the moun-

Cloister Needs

OUR pioneer Cloister Sisters are by no means inactive in their "Regina Coeli" hilltop retreat, and a plea came from them recently for a *Typewriter* and a current *Catholic Directory*.

Do you, perhaps, know of a *Typewriter* or a 1934 *Catholic Directory* with a Cloister vocation? If so, please direct it, or them, to

The Maryknoll Cloister
Maryknoll New York

TO LOVE GOD IS TO BE

tains and peaceful, quiet atmosphere, the site is singularly adapted to its purposes, and under Catholic auspices such favorable factors become still more conducive to healing. While bodily rest is an important aid in the cure of the disease, rest of mind is more important still. A patient can hardly recover if he is suffering from mental disquiet, such as is the case when business and family troubles torment the mind.

Helpless on a bed of sickness, man is given to much thought. Even though his body be resting, his mind, unaided by grace, is not at ease. Religion changes all this, and long painful periods of illness can and do become the wellspring of great spiritual joy.

It is good to feel that Maryknoll in Monrovia is realizing its missionary destiny—the bringing of souls to God.

At the Sisters' Motherhouse

JUNE thirtieth was reception and profession day at the Maryknoll Sisters' Motherhouse. On this last day of the month of the Sacred Heart twenty-four young women dedicated their lives to the noble vocation of slaking the thirst of that Divine Heart for souls still in darkness and the shadow of death.

Those who made their first vows are:

Sr. M. Christella Furey, Omaha, Nebr.; Sr. Elizabeth Marie Bum-bak, Fair Port Harbor, O.; Sr. M. Cleophas Fegel, Wellston, Okla.; Sr. Miriam Bernadette Stremus, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Sr. M. Rose Olive Skahan, Belmont, Mass.; Sr. Miriam Agnes Tibesar, Quincy, Ill.; Sr. Beata Marie O'Neill, Philadelphia, Pa.; Sr. Claire Marie Tivnan, Salem, Mass.; Sr. M. Roma Shillinger, New York, N.Y.; Sr. Michael Marie Manning, Larchmont, N.Y.; Sr. Angela Marie Coveny, Electric, Ont., Canada; and Sr. M. Rose Agnes Duross, New York, N. Y.

The following received the habit of the Congregation:

Loretta Spencer (Sr. Rose Theophane), Rochester, Minn.; Agatha Hatsumi (Sr. Marie Barat), Tokyo, Japan; Carmen Gabriel (Sr. Maria Carmencita), Manila, P. I.; Mary

Nishimuta (Sr. M. Jeanette), Cushing, Okla.; Harriette Mahoney (Sr. Joseph Marian), Bronx, N. Y.; Genevieve Biernacki (Sr. M. Ann Veronica), Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mary Ryan (Sr. Joan Marie), Bronx, N. Y.; Eleanor McNally (Sr. M. Ignatia), Dover, N. H.; Julia Hannigan (Sr. M. Julia), Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rita Shalvey (Sr. Bernadette Marie), Richmond Hill, L. I., N.Y.; Rita Johnson (Sr. Virginia Therese), Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Regina Rafferty (Sr. Agnes Regina), Camden, W. Va.

Camping Days at The Venard

A VISITOR to the Vénard during the summer months would find about fifty boys, ranging from eight to sixteen years of age, dotting the baseball diamonds, and the tennis and handball courts. A moment's listening would soon inform him where the boys hail from, at least those who are natives of Brooklyn and Philadelphia. They are a joyous group, full of spirit and life, enjoying the

eleventh season of camping on the Vénard grounds.

Occasionally a group of tanned youngsters turn up, guests apparently, but no—just some of the Seniors back from a four or five day canoe hike on the Susquehanna river. They are regaling worshipping Juniors with stories of their adventures.

Of an evening before the camp fire many a missionary has told of his adventures in the field afar, and peopled the woods with fierce bandits and ferocious tigers ready to pounce on an unsuspecting camper as he made his lonely way to his tent. But they have also inspired these most impressionable boys with heroic stories of how the Faith has been planted in distant lands and how Chinese and Korean boys have been eager to learn of Jesus Christ and Our Blessed Mother.



ON ONE OF HIS VISITATIONS OF MARYKNOLLS IN THE WEST THE SOCIETY'S SUPERIOR GENERAL GATHERS INFORMATION FROM SR. M. EDWARD DIENER, OF CUCAMONGA, CALIF., SUPERIOR OF THE MONROVIA SANATORIUM. THE OTHER SISTERS IN THE GROUP ARE SR. M. ANCILLA MCARDLE, OF WOODSIDE, L. I., N. Y. (BEHIND SR. EDWARD); SR. MARITA GOODALL, OF OMAHA, NEBR.; SR. M. ESTHER COVENY, OF TORONTO, CANADA; AND SR. M. ANNUNCIATA MULKERN, OF PORTLAND, ME. THE SISTERS IN WHITE ARE ON NURSING DUTY

ZEALOUS FOR SOULS.

What The World Needs

By Fr. Joseph P. McGinn, of Philadelphia, Pa., pastor of the Maryknoll Tungchen mission in South China



AGATHA UEN WAS CRADLED IN A SAMPAN, AND EARLY BECAME AC-CUSTOMED TO WIND AND WAVE



HAT the world needs..."
 Leaning over the table
 Brace flicked the ashes
 from his cigar, "What
 the world needs is eco-
 nomic stability."

"True enough, Jim,"
 Seaver tilted back his
 chair, "but what about military disarm-
 ament?"

"Or regulation of international finan-
 ces?" put in Davidson, in his nervous
 tones.

"Economic stability," began Brace im-
 pressively, "... Ah! there's Rogers!
 Someone with him, too. Excuse me a
 moment."

"Bring him back with you," his com-
 panions called after him.

"Union Preferred down two more
 points," Seaver sucked his cigar medi-
 tatively. "How long, O Lord, how long?"

"Yes," Davidson's thin hands gripped
 his knees. "And more war talk from
 Europe. I thought we had passed that
 corner."

"So did I... but here's Brace and
 Rogers. Hello, Tom. What's new with

the diplomats?"

There was cordiality apparent in the
 meeting and exchange of pleasantries;
 these were close friends.

"Seaver, Davidson—meet my friend,
 Father Knox," said the ruddy-faced
 Rogers about whom there clung an un-
 mistakable air of distinction. He usher-
 ed forward the slender, black-coated
 figure.

The introductions over, amid a scrap-
 ing of chairs and a striking of matches
 for fresh cigars the little group settled
 down.

"Yes," said Brace, holding the flam-
 ing splinter like a torch, "what the
 world needs is economic stability. Now,
 Rogers here will agree, but undoubtedly
 in language such as befits a career
 man in the diplomatic service." His
 eyes twinkled mischievously.

"Yes! Well, maybe, perhaps," Rog-
 ers laughingly rejoined, as a smile went
 round the group. "But why not put
 the conundrum to Father Knox here?
 He, you will be interested to learn, has
 just returned from a long, lone stretch
 on the Chinese Missions. Now, Fa-

ther, give us your thought on the mat-
 ter. What does this depressed old world
 stand most in need of?"

"Hm! That's a large order," said
 the priest. "Especially for a man who
 has been buried in the wilderness this
 past decade." Then his countenance lit
 up in a smile. "Why, copying one of
 our revered statesmen, I should say
 nothing more than a liberal supply of
 such excellent cigars as this one..."
 he held it up appreciatively.

"Come, Father, give us your answer,"
 spoke up Seaver. "Just the place to
 have found the solution—in solitude."

"Go ahead, Father," from Brace.

"Well," consented the missionary, "per-
 haps you gentlemen will bear with me
 if I put my reply in the form of a tale
 from China, a tale both simple and
 true."

"Of course!" "Delighted!" "With
 pleasure!" came from the others.

There was a momentary shifting of
 chairs, a cough or two, then silence.

"Agatha Uen was a war baby—no, I
 do not mean the World War, I refer
 to the struggle between the *Starry*
Mountaineers and the *Stranger Tribe*,
 two peoples of South China. Indeed, the
 very day of her birth her grandfather
 was captured and put to death by the
Mountaineers. Cradled in a sampan—
 you'll recall the craft, Rogers, from
 your travels in the Far East—she early
 grew accustomed to wind and wave.
 Later, as a small girl, she drove the
 village water buffaloes across the bare
 hills overhanging the town; and, yet
 later, pulled an oar in her father's fish-
 ing dory. It was then, undoubtedly, that
 she developed the powerful lungs which
 were to gain her the sobriquet 'Loud
 Speaker' from young American mis-
 sioners, years afterward.

"You gentlemen can scarcely imagine
 her surroundings. The village, situated
 on the seacoast, consisted of two or
 three dozen one-room huts, made of
 pounded mud. Mud walls, mud floor,
 straw roof, a few rough boards for a
 bed, the family buffalo in one corner,
 the sow and her litter in another, dogs,
 chickens, and geese wandering in and
 out—incredible, you would say, that this
 should be a place of human habitation.
 And, of course, the mortality was high
 —is high. The conditions..." he paused

to look around the group of intent listeners, "are practically unchanged today. Perils of the sea, perils of disease, perils of bandits: it may seem unbelievable, but it is none the less a fact that there are men who will kill and burn to gain the few possessions of such a village. But I digress. . . .

"It is a survival of the fittest in grim earnest. Agatha survived, though smallpox and yellow fever left their marks upon her. Even in those early days of her girlhood, one trait in her stood out unmistakable, her courage and confidence in God. She had been baptized by an itinerant missionary, and carefully instructed by her mother.

"She was not a saint, understand, in the commonly accepted meaning of the word. Indeed no! Rather, she was a little spitfire, and participated in many a wordy battle. Nor was she above pilfering a fish from a neighbor's catch, or borrowing without leave a bit of brushwood or sweet potato leaves. These are the usual vices of such country children. They were offset, in her case, by her willingness to labor, her kindness to others, and her downright generosity and unselfishness.

"For a maiden in such surroundings, bound to a life of toil in the deluged rice fields or tossed about in a fishing cockle, there is but one way out, one avenue of escape—marriage. It, to be sure, often means little more than a change of scene as far as the work is concerned, and not seldom connotes a life of misery under a shrewish mother-in-law or an opium-besotted husband. Not so, however, with Agatha. She was purchased at the age of eighteen by a good Catholic man of another village. His name was Andrew Lim, an honest wielder of the saw and plane, carpenter to the countryside. Dressed in her wedding finery and seated in the red-caparisoned sedan chair, Agatha, for the first and only time of her life, was carried over the hills and set down at the humble dwelling of the young carpenter. That same day a missionary came to bless the union.

"Marriage had somewhat bettered the status of Agatha and for a year or two life flowed along smoothly. She had learned to subdue the temper which had been but the eruption of her strong

personality, and her confidence in God had deepened with the years. Then troubles came; a religious persecution consequent on the Franco-Chinese War. Men's souls were tried and their faith, and many relapsed into paganism. . . .

"Pardon the interruption, Father," broke in Rogers, "but was that the Indo-China affair?"

"Yes. That's when French troops penetrated into Kwangsi Province and later annexed a portion of the Province to Annam. You see, the missionaries had all been French for many generations, and in Chinese eyes the Church was synonymous with France. But that's a long story in itself.



FIND THE BRIDE!

When Agatha was eighteen she was purchased by a good Catholic man of another village, for whose benefit she donned her wedding finery

"The persecution began mildly enough, but quickly the ashes of abandoned faith were fanned into a blaze of bitter hate, the apostates' sense of guilt supplying fuel for the flames. The Christians were boycotted as to buying and selling, were prevented from cultivating their fields, and could not fish, nor cut wood. Througho^{ut} this trying ordeal, Agatha stood as a tower of strength to those tempted to recant, encouraging, consol-

ing, and limiting herself to the barest necessities in order that she might have the more to distribute to others less fortunately placed. For six months the priest was obliged to perform his ministrations in secret, traveling in a closed chair or under cover of darkness. Furthermore, it was necessary for him to inaugurate and maintain what would approximate a modern relief station, if the faithful were not to perish of sheer want. This he did, in the face of great obstacles, and thanks in great measure to the courage and resourcefulness of Agatha. Always in her heart glowed a trust in God, such confidence as to overflow in word and deed.

"The means at the disposal of the missionary were limited, however; and he soon saw that the only salvation lay in leading his people, like another Moses, out of the land of bondage. Two large sailing junks were secured at considerable expense, and in these the five hundred confessors of the Faith were carried over the sea to a haven near the Portuguese colony of Macao. Among them, to be sure, were Andrew Lim and his valiant wife, Agatha. Ten months later the exiles returned, the persecution having abated.

"Races, like individuals, have certain defined qualities that mark them off from others: we speak of German thoroughness, French clarity of thought, English courage, Italian gaiety. Of the Chinese I would say not 'poker face' subtlety and trickery, but endurance. And rebound. They come back quickly. Within the space of a year, the returned exiles had fitted in perfectly to the accepted order of things, though their heroic pastor had gone to receive his reward from God.

"Agatha remained as ever the leader in good works. A toddler now followed her about, and a second big-eyed baby was slung across her back. Towards the pagans and renegade Catholics she showed a winning tolerance, a kind and helpful spirit for all.

"But, alas! the period of peace was all too brief. Robbers in great numbers invaded the lonely hills and gradually seized control of the villages. Their advent was marked by an attack on the Mission, now without a resident priest. Agatha it was who barred the chapel

LEAVE RESULTS TO GOD.

entrance, concealed the sacred vessels and Church records, and then with her back to the locked door of the chapel persuaded the bandits to leave it undamaged.

"Those were bitter days for the natives. They were completely at the mercy of the invaders, who seized whatever took their fancy and vented their displeasure in horrible looting and killings. Yet even these outlaws, some of whom resembled wild beasts rather than humankind, were influenced by this fearless, calm-eyed mother. That did not prevent them, however, from despoiling Andrew Lim of the greater part of his possessions.

"Imagine living under such conditions, not for weeks or months, but for years. The natural and inevitable result was that many died, among them the carpenter, Andrew Lim; while others secretly stole away to more peaceful scenes, notably to the Straits Settlements. Agatha remained with her brood, one boy and three girls, all of whom she instructed thoroughly in the Catechism and reared as obedient, pious Catholics.

"In my student days, studying the Old Testament, I was often puzzled by the frequent references to 'defrauding the widow and orphan', wondering at the especial emphasis laid upon this by the Sacred Writers. Life in China in many ways bears a striking similarity to the old Jewish patriarchal system; in none is the resemblance more vivid than in this very matter of 'widows and orphans'. Whenever the father of a family dies, it is quite a customary practice for the male relatives to despoil the widow of whatever little wealth was left her by the deceased husband. Thus it was with Mrs. Lim. The vultures gathered together, and when they had departed she was practically penniless. But a willing heart and two strong arms remained to her, and with these she labored incessantly to make ends meet.

"During these toilsome years her character remained calm and resolute, her sterling Catholicity was unaltered, and she continued to be guide and friend to Christian and pagan alike. Now and again a missionary would trek over the hills to the hamlet, and on such occasions Agatha's joy knew no bounds. She

cleaned the chapel, prepared the priest's meals, and rounded up the 'stray sheep'. Working long hours every day, she yet found time to bring up her children and those of her neighbors in the knowledge, love and service of God. She paid to the very last penny the debts, real and false, charged against her deceased helpmate.

"Gradually, despite the devil lurking in certain pagan hearts, this woman became recognized as the soul of integrity and honor. To her were brought disputes from far and near, and her advice was sought on every conceivable subject by the whole countryside. Thus it was when the first American priest,



TO THIS DAY AGATHA, NOW GRAY AND WRINKLED AND A GRANDMOTHER, STILL CARRIES ON THE SOUL OF CHRISTIAN INTEGRITY AND HONOR

young and inexperienced, took up his abode in the village. Thus it is to this very day. Agatha Lim, gray and wrinkled, a grandmother, still carries on."

The narrator broke off suddenly.

"Gracious!" he exclaimed, glancing at his watch, "it is ten-thirty. I must be going. But tell me, gentlemen, in this humble woman's life what answer do you find to the question: *What does the world stand most in need of?*" He scanned the countenances of his auditors.

Seaver bent forward as if to speak, hesitated a moment, and then sank back without a word.

Brace cleared his throat a few times, but got no further.

Davidson began excitedly: "Why, I would say. . . ." His speech trailed

into silence.

Father Knox rose to take his leave. As the missionary turned towards the Club entrance, Rogers spoke up.

"I have it, Father."

The priest paused expectantly at the door.

"*Christian Faith*," Rogers boomed.

"Right!" came the response. "And *Christlike Charity*." With a smile and a bow he was gone.

Noted Here and There

MARYKNOLL—*Dunwoodie, Dunwoodie—Maryknoll*. Before the end of every scholastic year, successively at each seminary, a field day is held that does more than bring our aspirant Maryknoll missionaries into touch with the New York archdiocesan seminarians.

Friendships are formed that continue when oceans divide, to the mutual advantage of those who labor in the field afar and of the toilers in the home vineyard.

Of Maryknoll Books it has been often said that they are "good to look at and a pleasure to read". This comment is quite true, and to anyone looking for summer reading we suggest a turn to our book list.

The most popular Maryknoll book is our latest—*Father McShane of Maryknoll*; but there is a steady call for *Observations in the Orient* and *Maryknoll Mission Letters*. In the *Homes of Martyrs* will give unusual glimpses of French life; and the story of *Theophane Venard* has been an inspiration to thousands.

A Maryknoll missionary in South China writes:

"I am still and ever will be of the opinion that it is prosperity and not adversity that is the greatest trial both for individuals and societies. It can't be a very serious evil that drives us to place our confidence more and more in Providence, and this is what adversity always does, but not so surely prosperity, which often has just the opposite effect."

DOLLARS PERISH, BUT SOULS ENDURE FOREVER.



TO MARYKNOLL JUNIORS



Johnny Chang's Quest

By Sister Mary Ephrem Griffin, O.P., of New Hampton, Iowa, Maryknoll missionary in Kalihi Kai, T. H.



JOHNNY CHANG'S father ran a laundry on Twenty-sixth Street. It wasn't a spick-and-span, business-like place like the one down the street a way, but an old ramshackle building that looked as if it would fall down if it weren't for the buildings on either side. Out in the front room next the street Johnny's father and two or three other Chinese men spent their days ironing. On the walls hung a Chinese calendar or two and an old fly specked picture of President McKinley, but it seemed beautiful to Johnny who liked to steal out there and listen to the tinny old phonograph which the men started up sometimes to make the time pass more pleasantly.

Johnny and his little brothers and sisters lived in the back room of the old laundry when they weren't on the street. It was hot in the summer and cold in the winter and the floor didn't make a soft bed, but Johnny wasn't particular. This was a dirty American city and there was much laundry to do, so the rice bowl was never empty, and that was more than had been true in China as Johnny could dimly remember.

On one of his stolen trips to the front room he saw a young girl bringing a bundle of laundry. She looked at Johnny and smiled at him and after that he used to watch for her. He saw her often and she always smiled and spoke to him. Sometimes she bought him an ice-cream cone. In his own little mind he called her the Chinese for *beautiful lady*. She was the only one Johnny remembered who had ever smiled at him, and she had such beautiful blue eyes and wore such pretty dresses, often blue, like her eyes.

One day she gave him a bright, shiny dime and a picture card. She told him she was going away and would not see him any more, but that he should be a good boy and learn to know the Lady on the picture she had given him.

He took the little card home and

tacked it up on the dingy wall of the old building where he lived, right beside the bright-colored poster to frighten the demons away. Every day he looked at the picture of the Lady. She looked a little like the girl who had given it to him. Her eyes were blue too, and she was smiling down at him. But her dress was long and white instead of short and blue. He wondered who she was and



AMBITIONS WERE STIRRING IN
JOHNNY CHANG'S MIND

how he could come to know her as the girl, his beautiful lady, had told him to do. He was sure she never came to his father's laundry. He would know her at once, if she did, by her smile and the long, white dress she wore.

Ambitions were stirring in Johnny Chang's mind. He didn't like the old tumble-down building that suited his father. When he was a man he intended to have a bright, new, shiny laundry, like the one down the street; or maybe a restaurant. Jimmy Lo had told him that down town there was a wonderful place that was all snowy white and shiny silver, where the richest people of the city loved to go and sip Chinese tea served by Chinese waiters. Maybe he and Jimmy Lo might have a place like that and become rich men.

Jimmy went to school so Johnny went too and quickly he picked up American ways and American knowledge. But he never quite forgot about his beautiful lady and always he wondered about the other Lady in the picture. There were some words on the picture but Johnny puzzled over them in vain. "I am the —", so far he knew them but the others were so long. He could not find them in his reader although he looked all through it.

One day he took the grimy little card down from the wall and carefully put it into his pocket. At recess he took it to his teacher and asked her what those words were. "Why, Johnny," she said, "I didn't know you were a Catholic." Johnny looked at her blankly. "I am the Immaculate Conception", she read. "That is a Catholic card. I can't tell you anything about that, but you can learn at a Catholic church."

There was a Catholic church near Johnny's home. He knew where it was. There were always people going in and out of it, but none were Chinese. His beautiful lady had told him to learn about the Lady in the picture and if he could find out about her at the Catholic church, he would surely try. So one day he slipped between the swinging doors of St. Francis Xavier's church into the dusky, cool interior and looked about. Yes, sure enough, there was another picture of the Lady, only a larger one, way up in the front.

Johnny sat down before it. He sat a long time—for Johnny, but no one came to tell him about the Lady, so he slipped out again as quietly as he had entered. It was pleasant in the Church and the picture was even more beautiful than his own, so often after that, Johnny would slip away from his companions to visit the beautiful Lady in the church.

One day as he came away, he almost ran into someone in the vestibule. He looked at her and she at him. "Why it's Johnny Chang," she exclaimed. "Why, Johnny, how you have grown!" It was his beautiful lady but how changed! No pretty blue dress now

SEND A "BON VOYAGE!"



TO MARYKNOLL JUNIORS



but a sober black one, an odd little bonnet on her head, only the eyes and the smile were the same. She had come back to her native city as a member of a community of Sisters to do social service work.

"What are you doing here, Johnny? Are you a Catholic? Do you still live near here?" she asked.

Then Johnny told her that he had asked his teacher about the Lady on the card, and she had told him to go to a Catholic church. He told her how he had come and found the Lady's picture in the church, but that so far nobody had told him anything about her.

"But now, Johnny, you shall learn of her," said the Sister. "There is a class of little boys and girls who are going to learn about her and about her Son, Who is even more beautiful than she is."

So Johnny joined the class and quickly gave his heart to the Lady and her Son, Who had been watching him for so long. Little by little, the ambitions in his quiet, little mind began to change. It no longer seemed so desirable to own an up-to-date laundry or first-class restaurant. Thoughts of all the little Chi-

nese boys and girls he had left in China, who had never heard this wonderful story, never seen a picture of the Lady and her Son, never heard of the Son's love for them, haunted his mind.

After a while, he told the kind Sister of these thoughts, and she, who had been praying for this very thing, told him how priests and Sisters were going to China to teach them. "Only there aren't enough of them to teach them all, Johnny," she said. So Johnny studied hard with new dreams in his head from that time on, and at last a day came when another young Chinese priest went to tell the old, old story to his fellow country-men who had never heard it before.



CHEERIO Juniors!
They're all right—
They work, they pray
With all their mite,
For us—for us.
Cheerio, cheerio!
For them—
for them!



APRIL PRIZE WINNERS

First Prize—

Patricia Dubort, *San Ramon, Calif.*

Second Prize—

Lemire Twins, *Worcester, Mass.*

Third Prize—

Esther Wyatt, *West Philadelphia, Pa.*

Honorable Mention—

Ellen Colwell, *Glen Cove, L. I.*
Ellen McNamara, *Providence, R. I.*

SCRAP BOOK WINNERS

First Prize—

Frances Nichols, *Lebanon, Pa.*

Second Prize—

Joan Foley, *West Hartford, Conn.*

Third Prize—

John Wilson, *Pittsfield, Mass.*

Fourth Prize—

Jeanne Heick, *Syracuse, N. Y.*

Fifth Prize—

Catherine Connolly, *Mt. Vernon, N.Y.*

Honorable Mention—

Raymond Martin, *San Francisco, Calif.*; Marie Murray, *Hibbing, Minn.*; Mary Alice Dolan and Betty Dunne, *Chicago, Ill.*; Cecile Hynds, *Bristol, Conn.*; Mary S. Riley, *Dorchester, Mass.*; Ruth Cooney, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*; Lucille Russell, *Nashua, N. H.*

MISSION INTENTIONS

July

1. Pope of the Missions.
2. Newly Ordained Missioners.
3. Maryknollers in Japan.
4. Missioners in the Tropics.
5. Native Vocations.

MISSION INTENTIONS

August

1. Mission Vocations.
2. Maryknollers in China.
3. Sick Missioners.
4. Baptisms.
5. All Missioners.

MISSION UNION TELEGRAM



Father Chin's Office

Maryknoll, N. Y.

MARYKNOLL JUNIORS
EVERYWHERE

MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS LEAVING FOR THE
ORIENT—SEND YOUR "BON VOYAGE" OF PRAYER
AND SACRIFICE—KEEP UP GOOD WORK—EXPECT
LETTER IN SEPTEMBER FROM YOUR OLD
FATHER CHIN

Welcome

Newly Enrolled Juniors

Anita Carbough, *York, Penna.*; Louise Kaschmitter, *Fenn, Idaho*; Lucille Russell, *Nashua, N. H.*; Glenn Alexander, Jeanne Harkins, Dorothy Smedley and Anna Ackerman, *Wilmington, Del.*; Anna Marie McLaughlin, *New York, N. Y.*; Forty-three pupils of St. Columbkil's School, *Dubuque, Iowa*; Elizabeth Juliano, Rose Pantaleo, Barbara Cassidy, Helen Bucci, Ellen Harold, Evelyn Carroll, Peggy Breen, *Winchester, Mass.*; Forty-eight pupils of St. John's School, *Bellaire, Ohio*; Helen and Ernest Schaefer, *Aurora, Ill.*; Richard Reed, Angela Carbone,

OF PRAYER AND SACRIFICE



TO MARYKNOLL JUNIORS



Dorothy Theresa Clark, Margaret Mary Long, Mary De Ascanis, Dorothy Lynch, Bernadine and Anne Thompson, and Helen Daley, *Wilmington, Del.*; Helen McLaughlin, *Roslindale, Mass.*

Paper Doll Contest

FATHER CHIN was able to send some welcome gifts to Maryknollers in China, Korea and Manchuria this month. He wishes to thank those who made it possible:

Rita Duff, *York, Penna.*; Girl Scouts, Troop 183, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*; Miss Louise Buckley's Sunday School Class, *Arlington, Mass.*; Francis J. Murphy, *Pawtucket, R. I.*; Our Lady of Lourdes School, *St. Louis, Mo.*; John Tiquin, *Norwich, N. Y.*; Academy of the Visitation, *Catonsville, Md.*; Joe and Ernest Schaefer, *Aurora, Ill.*; Isaac Jogues Mission Club, *Punahou, Honolulu, T. H.*; Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Grades of Visitation Academy, *St. Louis, Mo.*; Charlotte Smith, *Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y.*; Francis Fleming, *Waltham, Mass.*; The Kenkel Boys, *Mt. Ranier, Md.*; Eleanor Donahue, *Sandusky, Ohio*; St. John's School, *Stamford, Conn.*; Room Three, St. Bridget's School, *Minneapolis, Minn.*; Robert Burns, *New Haven, Conn.*; The Infant Jesus Sodality, Convent of the Sacred Heart, *Lake Forest, Ill.*; Grades Four, Five and Six of Holy Rosary School, *Saint Stephen, N. B.*; Fifth Grade Boys of St. Patrick's School, *South Lawrence, Mass.*; Thomas Doyle, *Jersey City, N. J.*; James and Frank Mitza, *Boston, Mass.*; St. Stephen's School, *Framingham, Mass.*; The Christian Doctrine Class at Mount Carmel Church, *New Bedford, Mass.*; Our Lady of Perpetual Help School, *Manchester, N. H.*; St. Monica's School, *Cincinnati, Ohio*; Third Grade of Notre Dame School, *Staton Island, N. Y.*; Sacred Heart School, *Vailsburg, Newark, N. J.*; Grades Five and Six of Holy Angels Institute, *Fort Lee, N. J.*; Mary L. Brunell, *Altona, N. Y.*; Joseph and Herbert Hickey, *Dorchester, Mass.*; Academy of the Sacred Heart, *Philadelphia, Penna.*

Also—thanks to everybody for the April showers. They blew up from everywhere and helped fill up some of the new missionaries' trunks.



Paste these Chinese dolls on stiff paper and cut them out. Then dress them in colored paper or cloth. (Envelope linings may be used.) Neatness is a big factor in choosing the prize winners. Send your name, address and age, with your dolls, to Father Chin, Maryknoll, N. Y.

ALONG WITH MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS



TO MARYKNOLL JUNIORS



Romance in Korea

A True Story

An incident in the life of the late Most Reverend Gustave Mutel, P.F.M.



HEUNG-SONG-KOUN, called the "Man of the Heart of Stone", was acting as regent in the *Hermit Kingdom*. A terrible persecution was raging.

It was March eighth, 1866. Curious crowds had gathered to witness the execution of four European priests. Bishop Berneux, Fathers Just de Bretenières, Beaulieu and Dorie were carried into the arena. Their courage during the weeks of torture in prison had already merited the admiration of their persecutors. Now the crowds of pagans marveled, "The fools dare to laugh!" The axes descended, relieving the *Hermit Kingdom* of four Christian intruders, and dispatching four souls to the throne of God there to receive the coveted crown of martyrdom.

Meanwhile in the Northern Palace, Princess Min was preparing the daily sacrifice. A rebellion born of grace and a glowing desire, child of faith, grew within her as she performed this solemn duty which was hers as mistress of the royal household. The incense lighted by her hands was not burning itself out for lifeless stone tablets. That was only empty form. This incense was consumed, as her very heart, for love of the God of the Christians. She longed to pray "My God" but she must remain for the present an exile—a silent unknown suppliant of the true God. She prayed courage for those children of God who were giving their lives at the command of her husband Heung-song-koun; she prayed for the grace of baptism for herself and the royal household—her people. God obviously granted her first petition; the others—

It was October in Korea, 1896. The sun was setting and the Great Bell rang out, a permit for the ladies to leave their seclusion and visit their friends if they desired.

A palanquin was carried out through

the entrance of the Northern Palace. The little sliding windows were tightly closed and draped. A woman of the court followed closely on foot. When they reached an ordinary one room Korean house, not far from the palace, the occupant of the palanquin alighted and was greeted as Koreans greet an aged relative. She entered the house; the door closed. Then with profound respect the court lady, whose home this



Blessed Andrew Kim, first Korean priest, martyred September 16, 1846

was, greeted her as Princess Min. Bishop Mutel, who had been concealed behind the door, was then presented to the aged Princess. He found her nearly blind but alive with the enthusiasm of a child, impatient to receive the Sacrament of Baptism she had been denied so long. Using her advanced age and growing blindness as an excuse she had been able a few months before to resign her position as head of the royal household. Now that she was no longer required to participate in the false worship of the court, Bishop Mutel had arranged this secret meeting to grant her desire. A short examination in Doctrine found her well instructed so the bishop administered Baptism without delay. Princess Min became Princess Mary.

It was September in Korea, 1897. The starless heavens shrouded the Northern Palace in darkness. A chair was borne through the entrance and admitted in the servants' quarters. The occupant was evidently expected, as he was escorted at once to a room in another part of the palace. The maid-servant lighted two candles on a little table and quietly withdrew.

The stranger placed something very reverently on the table and knelt. His mourning hat, a magnificent disguise, was removed and Bishop Mutel had a long audience with the King of Kings, as he awaited Princess Mary.

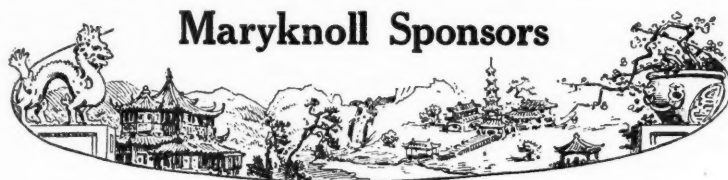
The hours passed. At about eleven-thirty Princess Mary, now eighty years old, was carried into the room on the back of a faithful and trustworthy servant. After a short greeting she explained to the Bishop that the long hours of delay had been unavoidable as she had to wait until the rest of the household were asleep. Now they were safe from discovery. Two of her Christian servants were at hand and responsible for their safety.

Princess Mary made her confession and then prepared for her first Holy Communion. Thirty years she had waited and prayed for this event. How happy the King must have been to visit her; He knew that soon she would have to answer His call and come to Him in eternity. That was Princess Mary's first and last Holy Communion.

Four months later Seoul was astir with preparations for the funeral of Princess Min, aged wife of Heung-song-koun. The ceremony was a pagan one but her soul received many a remembrance from a few faithful servants who were also Christians.

During her lifetime Princess Mary prayed that her people might become Christians. No doubt since her death she has continued to intercede for them, for God has granted his missionaries in Korea an abundant harvest of souls.

DEPARTING FOR THE ORIENT.



Maryknoll Sponsors

THE steadily lengthening list of *Maryknoll Sponsors* is interesting for many reasons, not the least of which is the many and varied walks of life it represents. It contains, among others, the names of college and high school students, of secretaries, chauffeurs, lawyers, nurses, doctors, stock and bond men, moving picture "stars", and fathers and mothers of families who seek to bring blessings on their own little ones by sponsoring sons of Maryknoll in fields afar.

They who share in the sacrifice of an apostle will share also in his reward.

The students of the *Convent of the Sacred Heart* at Noroton, Conn., certainly have the "we-can-do-it" spirit. For the past two years they have been sponsoring a Maryknoller for the full thirty days a month.

A *San Francisco Sponsor* writes: "I wish I were rich; I would have many priests for my brothers all the time. I wonder which one God gives to me for a brother one day each month. I pray for him and for all of them every day.

"I have told a friend of mine about your work, and though she too is poor she also wants to be a Sponsor for a dollar a month."

One of our newest groups to sponsor a Maryknoller is the *Theo-Ven Circle*, of Philadelphia. Recently they held a Coffee Party and a Rummage Sale and sent the proceeds for the support of their adopted aspirant-missioner, a Maryknoll seminarian.

A few of our inactive Circles have been reorganized and have adopted our *Sponsor Plan*. The number is small, but encouraging. In June, eighteen more priests were ordained for the missions,

and we seek sponsors for them. Will you organize the next Sponsor-Group?

To our friends within a radius of forty or fifty miles, summertime means picnic-time at the Knoll. Groups have already visited us, and others have planned to come in the future. The *Chi Rho Chalet* (built expressly for Circles) is ready to welcome all, especially if the weatherman surprises us with a shower.

Circling for Souls is the motto of our Circlers. Two new links in our chain were formed during the past few months: the *Alician Guild* of Brooklyn, N. Y. (this group was interested in our work through *Our Mother of Perpetual Help Circle*); and the *Virgin Mary Circle*, of New Bedford, Mass. This Circle has already sent a sizable gift, the result of Lenten sacrifices.

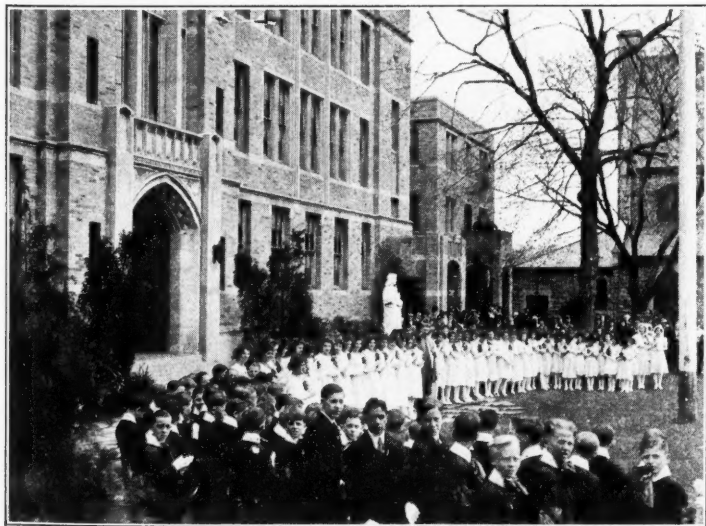
A Native Clergy in every land is the great object of the "Pope of the Missions"; and to forward this objective the *Mission Relief* of Brooklyn, N. Y., the *Mary Ann Circle* of Lafayette, Ind., and *Our Lady, Queen of Purgatory Circle* of Los Angeles, Calif., again sent donations.

Other gifts received since our last issue are:

Mass Intentions: from the Los Angeles *Our Lady, Queen of Purgatory Circle*; the Valley Stream, N. Y., *St. Caroline's Circle*; the Brooklyn *Mission Relief*; the Westfield, Mass., *St. Patrick's Circle*; the St. Paul, Minn., *Our Lady of Lourdes Circle*; and the Milwaukee *Little Flower Circle*.

FIELD AFAR subscriptions and other gifts came from *St. Patrick's Circle*, of Westfield; *St. Bridgid's Circle*, of Brooklyn; and the *Little Flower Circle*, of Milwaukee.

The members of the *Theophane Vernald Circle*, in Worcester, Mass., wound up a busy year of card parties and other entertainments for the mission cause by a second successful Food Sale. In spite of lean days these friends have continued without interruption to send generous checks, and the ever-welcome FIELD AFAR subscriptions.



WHEN THE SUPERIOR GENERAL OF MARYKNOLL ADMINISTERED THE SACRAMENT OF CONFIRMATION AT WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., TO NEARLY TWO HUNDRED CHILDREN

HE WHO HELPS AN APOSTLE BECOMES AN APOSTLE.

Gifts and Our Gratitude



Teresa Mok (yes, this is a girl) is the daughter of Father Cairns' catechist at Sancian Island, South China. Just now Teresa does not wholly understand why her life is so much happier than that of her little pagan playmates, but later on she will pray often for kind friends in the "Starry Flag" country who made it possible for Maryknoll missionaries to bring Christ to her people

TO our Catholic benefactors who value the Sacrifice of the Mass it will be a comforting encouragement to be reminded that all Maryknoll priests reserve and offer their Friday Mass *every week* for the benefactors of Maryknoll, and that among these we include the FIELD AFAR subscribers.

At present these Masses run up to more than ten thousand yearly. This is the Maryknoll thank offering.

Welcome *Stringless Gifts* received recently did much to assure the onward progress of the Maryknoll Movement. These came from benefactors in Providence, R. I.; St. Paul, Minn.; New Haven, Conn.; Westport, Conn.; New York City; Milwaukee, Wis.; and West Roxbury, Mass.

Friends in Rock Island, Ill.; Cincinnati, Ohio; and New York City who

secured *Maryknoll Annuities* discovered a means of "eating their cake and having it, too".

They will get during life an interest on their investment equal to that given by a savings bank; and when they shall have passed on to that land where no one needs interest, their invested capital will go entirely (without deductions for commission or tax of any sort) into a work that is solely for God's glory and the precious souls of men, and so it will bring them further happiness in eternity.

A reverend benefactor in Little Chute, Wis., aided Maryknoll by *sponsoring* one of our aspirant missionaries.

Another reverend friend, this time in White Plains, N. Y., recalled that our *Major Seminary* is still unfinished, and made a donation towards the completion of the Center Knoll.

From Watertown, Mass., came the offering for a new *Student Burs*e (\$5,000), and it was assigned to Maryknoll's oldest Preparatory College—the Vénard.

A new *Native Clergy Burs*e (\$1,500) was also founded, by a mission lover in Chestnut Hill, Mass.; and a notable addition to our *Sacred Heart of Jesus* and *Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burs*e was donated by a benefactor in Detroit, Mich.

The *Maryknoll Probatorium* at Bedford, Mass., benefited by the generosity of apostolic partners in Watertown, Mass., and West Roxbury, Mass.

Friends in Davenport, Iowa, remembered our Father Bernard Meyer, Superior of the *Maryknoll Wuchow Mission* in South China, who claims Davenport as his home city.

Native Seminarians in Maryknoll fields of Manchuria and South China

THE mission fields and the home Knolls have many needs. If you cannot decide which need is greatest, make your gift "Stringless". We prefer such.

were sponsored by helpers of our work in Chicago, Ill.

A benefactor who asks to remain unknown made a generous offering towards the erection of a chapel for the *Lepers* under Maryknoll's care in South China.

Since our last issue we have been notified of a remembrance in three *Wills*, and legacies have been received from seven estates.

NEW ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Living: Reverend Friends, 6; G. R.; J. C. and Relatives; H. A. J.; W. V. J.; Mrs. J. R. and Relatives; R. T. and Relatives; J. J. W. and Relatives; Mrs. C. J. D. and Relatives; D. B.; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. R.; J. L. K. and Relatives; C. J.; M. M.; A. S.; M. G.; M. M.; M. F.; A. D.; C. C.; A. L. N.; C. J. W.; Relatives of W. F.; A. G. B.; M. C. and Relatives; Mrs. R. P. and Relatives; Mrs. E. O'N. and Relatives; Mrs. E. M. and Relatives; Mr. and Mrs. F. S. and Relatives; A. E. H. and Relatives; M. F. and Relatives; D. W.; J. B. F. and Relatives; H. C. McC.; M. J. F.; J. C.; M. E. M.; A. J. C. and Relatives; J. V. K. and Relatives; E. B. and Relatives; G. W. and Relatives.

Deceased: Martin Maloney; Mary Silk; Thomas A. Lynch; Edward Ring; Frederick Ring; Henry E. Bellew; Alice M. Nolen; Anna Brady; Ella M. Jackson; Mary Galster; Mrs. William Hannaford; Mary E. Moynihan; Rosalie W. Goldenberger; John J. Gilligan; Denis Sweeney; Mary Milmore Sweeney; James D. Carney; Josephine E. Melsha; Margaret Forrest Medler; James Murray; George Rowan; Samuel MacGuire; James Dolan; Thomas J. Broderick; Stephen O'Brien; James Sullivan; Patrick Sullivan; Dr. Joseph Kuha; John J. Fay.

ET LUX PERPETUA LUCEAT EIS

THE death of Bishop Nilan brought sorrow not only to the diocese of Hartford which he served so well, but to everybody whose privilege it was to know him. His life was a benediction and an edification.

We of Maryknoll owe much to

the fatherly interest of Bishop Nilan, and we ask prayers for his soul, as also for the souls of the following deceased friends of the mission cause:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. P. J. Petri; Rev. Joseph Cizmowski; Rev. John F. Sayers; Rev. W. A. Daley; Mother M. Josephine; Sr. M. of St. Michael; Sr. M. Jane Francis Flood; Sr. M. Teresa Mongan; Sr. M. Cephas Tully; A. Brendan Ford; Mrs. John J. Daly; Teresa Fahy; Mrs. Anna Badecker; Mrs. Alice Sheehan; Mrs. Lydia Dittman; Mr. Doyle; D. Sullivan; John Courtney; John Sullivan; M. Teresa Kelly; Mrs. Sarah Farrell; Mrs. J. Stapleton; Mr. Donohoe; Wm. Dacey; Joseph Regan; J. Crowley; Mr. Kleinhaus; J. Kelly; R. Snider; Mrs. Margaret O'Keefe; F. X. Brennan; Mrs. Rose Brookus; Anastasia Parker; Mrs. T. Thomas; Miss Finn; Mary Hayde; Maria D'Oroville; James O'Neill; Mrs. Porcia Koch; John Boulger; Elizabeth Murray; John Hipp; Annie Lagan; Jane Doran; Mary King; Ann Hand; Mrs. R. A. Bray; Dr. J. Herrick; Mr. and Mrs. Freistroffer; Mr. Keesling; Martha Moran; I. Heggum; John Walsh; Margaret Carmichael; Owen Groach; Anna Matern; Joseph Moylan; Mrs. Mary Sullivan; James Niles; Mrs. G. Faulkner; John Kennedy; Mr. Scheid; Martin Maloney; Mrs. Mary Galster; B. McEneaney; Lydia Studer; Katherine Mahar; Julia Brown; Mrs. W. J. Morris; Mary Kilfoyle; John Fitzgibbons.

STUDENT BURSES

A bursar is a sum of money drawing yearly interest which is applied to the board, housing and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary, or at one of its Preparatory Colleges in the United States.

FOR THE MAJOR SEMINARY (\$5,000 each)

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL BURSE, No. 2.....	4,500.00
Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse..	4,200.00
St. Anthony Burse.....	4,064.13
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse	4,050.00
Dunwoody Seminary Burse.....	3,716.59
Pius X Burse.....	3,250.75
St. Michael Burse, No. 1.....	3,015.00
N. M. Burse.....	3,000.00
Bishop Molloy Burse.....	2,851.00
Byrne Memorial Burse.....	2,800.25
Marywood College Burse.....	2,782.00
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	2,761.85
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse...	2,261.19
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	2,255.63
Duluth Diocese Burse.....	2,211.70
Archbishop Ireland Burse.....	2,101.00
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse.....	1,930.09
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,904.19
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse	1,738.06



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St. John B. de la Salle Burse.....	292.00		
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Trinity "Wekandui" No. 2 Burse.	100.00		

†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to donor.

NATIVE STUDENT BURSES

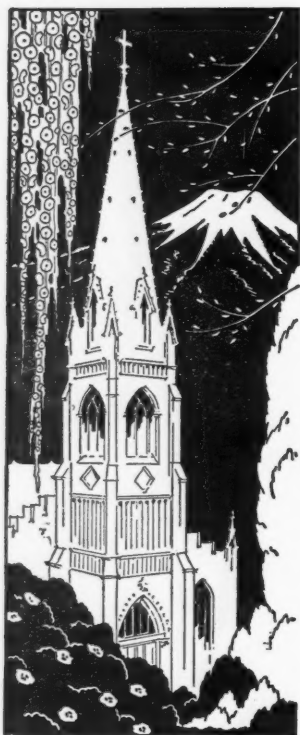
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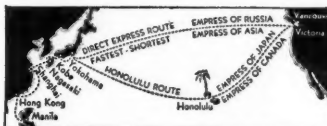
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Departure Ceremony at Maryknoll—July 29th



The Departure Bell sounds for Orient-bound Maryknollers

FIFTEEN young priests will make up the Maryknoll mission band for 1934. They will be assigned to our several Missions in Eastern Asia. The Departure will take place at 7:00 P. M., Sunday, July 29th, in the quadrangle of the Seminary, if the weather permits. We send out no invitations, but year after year the number in attendance naturally grows as the impressions of the ceremony are told.

There are no tickets of admittance, and there is no collection. Thanks to many among our readers, we are gradually accumulating the passage and incidental expenses for the fifteen. We hope to have five hundred dollars for each, and will welcome further additions.

Formerly when comparatively few came to the Departure we could offer hospitality. Today this is impossible except for priest friends and intimate relatives of the outgoing missionaries. Arrangements will be made, however, so that necessary refreshments can be procured nearby. Those who live in this section of the country come by train on the New York Central to Ossining (bus or taxi to Maryknoll), or by auto. Maryknoll lies close to the Bronx River Parkway, and is two miles above Ossining, on its own hilltop.

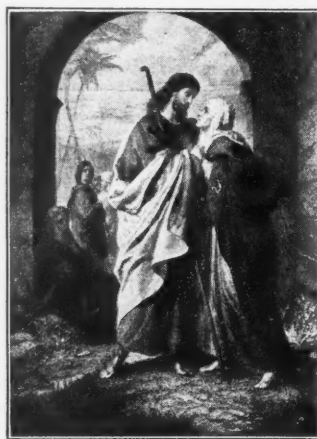
If distance prevents you from witnessing the Ceremony, it cannot make it impossible for you to

Sponsor An Outgoing Apostle

To receive from friends enough means to send out a new group of young missionaries is heartening. Our hope now is to sustain them, especially during the year of preparation—language study—on which they will enter almost immediately after their arrival on the other side of the Pacific.

To this end we seek *Sponsors*, friends who will send us each month the support of a Maryknoller for one or more days—if not for the entire month—at one dollar a day.

Sponsors are remembered in 193 Masses every week.



When the Divine Missioner said farewell to His Mother

